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DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF ST. SABINIANUS*

It was towards the end of the seventh century, according to Boldetti, in his *osservazioni sopra i cimilieri di S. S. martiri ed antichi Christiani di Roma*, that bodies of the martyrs were first extracted from the Roman catacombs. From that epoch, at the request of bishops and princes, they were transported into the different cities of the Christian universe: and still, however, there remain so many in the *sixty cemeteries* around Rome, that there is no danger of their being all carried away, for a long time.

Yet we must not believe that all the bodies that are found in the catacombs are to be reputed martyrs. No; if

they have not the certain signs of martyrdom, if they are not recognized as such, by the strictest criteria, they are left in their places where they wait the resurrection, and the judgment of God. It is very probable that there are many of these bodies which are excluded from the quality of martyrs in consequence of the destruction of the ancient original acts, which occurred in the last, and most furious persecution—that of Dioclesian—which has been styled the *era of martyrs*. Of this Prudentius thus writes, in his *hymn in honor of the holy martyrs Hemeterius and Cheledonius*.—(v. 75, Tom. II. p. 882, Edit. Arev.)

Vix fama nota est, abditis
Quam plena sanctis Roma sit,
Quam dives urbanum solum
Sacris sepulcris floreat.

Sed qui caremus his bonis,
Nec sanguinis vestigia
Videre coram possumus,
Cælum intuemur eminus.

* This interesting and learned article, is from the pen of one of our old friends and fellow-students at Rome, Padre Del Secchi, of the Society of Jesus. It is now translated for the first time, and will show our readers, that the ancient spirit of the society is still alive in that venerable body of religious *savants*. C. C. P.

Fame scarce can tell the treasures which
Lie hidden in the walls of Rome :
How blest that glorious soil, how rich
With many a sacred, unknown tomb.

But, if these treasures are concealed,
And, if we see not with our eyes
The marks of *holy blood* revealed,
Oh ! fix our sight upon the skies !

And again : (*hymn in honor of St. Lawrence*, v. 541, Tom. II. p. 936.

Chartulas blasphemus olim nam satelles abstulit,
Ne tenacibus libellis erudita sæcula
Ordinem, tempus, modumque passionis proditum
Dulcibus linguis per aures posterorum spargent.

The acts by impious satellites possess
Were carried off industriously, lest
The tidings might through future times be spread
Of how, where, when, their blood the martyrs shed.

Deprived of these venerable documents, and also of the martyrologies written in the fourth century, which would have filled up this great gap in ecclesiastical history, when we witness the discovery of a martyrs body, we esteem ourselves fortunate, if we find the *sepulchral stone* and the *vase of blood*. With these documents or titles, the body of *St. Sabinianus* presents itself to us. Yet, notwithstanding this, sufficient evidence is had to prove the reality of his martyrdom.

I. *Discovery of the body of St. Sabinianus in the cemetery of Santa Ciriaca*.—The catacombs out of which the body of this saint was exhumated, are those of *Santa Ciriaca* in the *Campo Verano*, the most extensive and deep in Rome. They extend many miles around the Basilick of *St. Law-*

rence. To these, more than to any other, may be referred the beautiful description which is found in the commentary of *St. Jerome*, on *Ezekiel* : Dum essem Romæ puer, et liberalibus studiis erudiri, solebam cum cæteris ejusdem ætatis et propositi, diebus dominicis sepulcra apostolorum et martyrum circumire ; crebroque cryptas ingredi, quæ in terrarum profunda defossæ, ex utrâque parte ingredientium per parietes habent corpora sepulcorum, et ita obscura sunt omnia, ut propemodum illud propheticum compleatur. *Descendant ad infernum viventes* ; et raro desuper lumen admissum horrorem temperet tenebrarum, ut non tam fenestram quam foramen demissi luminis putes : rursumque pedetentim acceditur, et cæca nocte circumdatis illud *Virgilianum* proponitur :

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

(Tom. V. p. 968 Ed. Vall.)

“ When I was a boy, pursuing my studies at Rome, I was accustomed to go round on Sundays with my companions of the same age and pursuits,

to the sepulchres of the apostles and the tombs of the martyrs. We often went down into the catacombs cut out in the depths of the earth, where the

sides are lined with bodies of the dead, and which are so completely enveloped in darkness, that you may well apply the prophetic language : *Let them descend alive into hell.* Scarce a ray of light struggles through, not the window, but the narrow aperture, to dissipate the horror of the gloom—and as you creep on you plunge into dense darkness, where you experience the sentiment expressed by Virgil in this line :

‘Darkness and silence fill the soul with horror.’”

And Prudentius *de Coronis*, (Hymn XI. 151, Tom. II. p. 1178, Edit. Arev.)

Metando eligitur tumulo locus : Ostia linqunt ;
 Roma placet, Sanctos quæ teneat cineres.
 Haud procul extremo culta ad pomeria vallo
 Mersa latebrosis crypta patet foveis.
 Hujus in occultum gradibus via prona reflexis
 Ire per anfractus luce latente docet.
 Primas namque fores summo tenus intrat hiatu
 Illustratque dies limina vestibuli.
 Inde ubi progressu facili nigrescere visa est
 Nox obscura, loci per specus ambiguum :
 Occurrunt cæsis immissa foramina tectis,
 Quæ jaciunt claros antra super radios.

The place of sepulture is chosen, far
 From Ostia :—’tis Rome that will embrace
 The sacred ashes : not far from the walls
 A subterraneous gallery conceals
 Deep cavities within its wide extent.
 A winding way conducts you gently down
 These darksome labyrinths. The light of day
 Lingers upon the vestibule, and gloom
 Profound reigns o’er the vaults—through which, at times,
 And at long intervals, the daylight faint
 Struggles to pierce among the lonesome caves.

And again :

Innumeros cineres Sanctorum Romula in Urbe
 Vidimus, O Christi Valeriane sacer.
 Incisos tumulis titulos et singula quæris
 Nomina, difficile est ut replicare queam.
 Tantos justorum populos furor impius hausit
 Quum coleret patrios troia Roma Deos.
 Plurima literulis singnata sepulcra loquuntur
 Martyris aut nomen, aut epigramma aliquod.
 Sunt et multa tamen tacitas claudentia tumbas
 Marmora, quæ solum significant numerum.
 Quanta virum jaceant congestis corpora acervis
 Nosse licet, quorum nomina nulla legas.
 Sexaginta illic defossas mole sub una
 Reliquias memini me didicisse hominum.
 Quorum solus habet comperta vocabula Christus
 Utpote quos propriæ junxit amicitia

Within the walls of Rome, Valerian,
 We see the ashes of unnumbered saints.
 If thou wouldst learn their names or titles all
 Engraved upon their tombs—I cannot tell:
 For entire nations of the Just have been
 By impious fury immolated, when
 Troy's offspring, Rome, her ancient gods adored.
 Yet there are monuments on which the name
 Or some inscription still may be descried.
 But of the greater part the marble mute
 Gives to our anxious questions no response :
 And I myself remember to have seen
 No less than sixty bodies in one fosse.
 Their names are known to no one but to Christ,
 To whom in endless friendship they are joined.

Baronius, in his *notes to the Roman Martyrology*, speaking of Saint Cyriacus, on the 21st of August, admits, that the cemetery described by Prudentius, is that of *Santa Ciriaca*, and affirms that this is proved from examining the catacombs. They contain three different degrees of depth, with three corridors, in each of which there is a double row of cells ; but their extent never could be measured, because in certain places, they easily give way ; and the workmen, who, for the purpose of extracting the bodies of the martyrs, penetrate through the ancient apertures called *pozzi*, take advantage of this circumstance. It was in one of these cavities that lay the body of our saint. On the 21st of April, 1840, it was taken from the tomb with *two vases of blood*. On the stone there was no date. But as the cemetery was founded on her demesnes by Cyriaca, a Roman lady and martyr, under Valerian, his death must have taken place during the last of the persecutions.

II. *The signs of martyrdom found in the tomb of St. Sabinianus*.—In order to prove that these remains are those of a martyr, it would suffice to consider the long experience which the ROMAN CHURCH possesses of those cemeteries, and the continued traditions of so many centuries, by which she recognises her martyrs by the signs which accompany them. Now these signs indicated the

body of the martyr Sabinianus. With it were found two glass vessels, placed, one at the head, the other at the feet, sealed to the stone with lime, but alike in form, and of equal capacity, and encrusted with congealed blood. The one that was best preserved offered to the sight a cuticle thick with blood, which, at the least agitation, dropped off ; and which, viewed in the light, appeared of a purple hue. It should be remarked, that it is not the opal-like and changing tint of the sulphur of rock, which almost all the antique vases assume, but that red hue is derived from the pellicle itself, which, partly detached, hung down in the phial before the eye. It is certain, then, that it is blood. Now, after the rigid discussion to which the church has often subjected the reality of this sign, there can be no longer any doubt, that the body accompanied by a phial of blood, must be the body of a martyr.

Other signs, moreover, fortify these proofs ; as points of iron which occasioned their death, still sticking in the bones, or the wounds which have left their marks in the principal bones ; and such like other indications. But the sign which is, at present, the subject of our investigation, is, by its nature and by its suitability to the position which it commonly occupies, a certain proof and sufficient in itself, without the concurrence

of other marks, which only confirm the fact by their correspondent testimony. The body of the martyr, on whose tomb is inscribed the name of Sabinianus, has, with the authentic appendages, been discovered in the cemetery of *Santa Ciriaca*; having near it *two phials of blood*.

It has been objected that the vases, which we affirm to have been used for preserving *blood*, were intended for certain *perfumes*. In reply to this difficulty, I will examine some indubitable testimonies, namely, *of the early fathers, and ancient acts of the martyrs*.

To begin with St. Hilary, who lived a short time after the persecu-

tions: "Every where," he writes, "has the *blood* of the martyrs been collected, and their venerable bones offer daily a new testimony."* He then relates the miracles wrought at the tombs of the martyrs. The most superficial novice in ecclesiastical history knows what efforts the early Christians made to collect the blood of the martyrs, during their agony even, and under the very eyes of the executioners. Many Christians were, on this account, seized and put to death. Prudentius celebrates the zeal of those confessors in gathering the blood of the martyrs. (*De Cor. Hymn v. 333, T. II. p. 1008, Ed. Arev.*)

Coire toto ex oppido
Turbam fidelem cerneret
Mollire præfultum thorum
Siccare cruda vulnera.

Ille ungularum duplices
Sulcos pererrat oculis,
Hic purpurantem corporis
Gaudet cruorem lambere.

Plerique vestem linteam
Stillante tingunt sanguine
Tutamen ut sacrum suis
Domi reservent posteris.

Then might you see whole cities, oft,
In anxious hurry gathering round,
And 'neath the martyr strewing soft,
Sweet herbs, and dressing every wound.

That Christian hastes the gash to kiss
Deep made by rough and iron claws;
Nor feels aught of repugnance *This*
To lick away the blood that flows.

Many their linen garments steep
With oozing blood, which, carefully
As a protection blest they keep,
And leave to their posterity.

And again, in the eulogy of Saint Hippolytus, v. 141, Tom. II. p. 117, Ed. Arev.

* Sanctus ubique beatorum martyrum sanguis exceptus est, et veneranda ossa quotidie testimonio sunt.—(Contra Constantium Imp., c. 8, T. II. Ed. Maur.)

Pallioli etiam bibulæ siccantur arenæ,
 Ne quis in infecto pulvere ros maneat.
 Si quis et in sudibus recalente aspergine sanguis
 Insidet, hunc omnem spongia pressa rapit.

E'en with their robes the absorbing sand they dry,
 Lest in the unholy dust one drop should lie.
 If on the branches any blood remain,
 With the prest sponge they soak up every stain.

We will now cite St. Ambrose, and St. Gaudentius, bishop of Brescia. The former, when he discovered the tomb and mortal remains of the two martyrs, Vitalis and Agricola, remarked: "We have gathered the blood shed in their triumphant death."* And when he discovered those of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, he asserts that he had found the signs of their martyrdom.† St. Gaudentius confirms this, when he declares that he himself saw the blood. "We have the blood, which is the proof of martyrdom."‡

If we consult the acts of the martyrs, we shall there find fresh evidences, establishing this fact. Read Boldetti, from the 26th to the 39th chapters, in his first book. Add to this the infinite testimonies scattered through the Acts published by the Bollandists, and judge if any fact in history could be supported by a greater quantity of documents worthy of belief. I will not cite the *acta sincera* of the martyrdom of St. Cyprian, which are preserved in the collection of Ruinart, nor the *Acts of the Martyrs of Ostia*, published by De Maistre, nor those of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, edited by Laderchi; nor the fact recorded by Nicephorus, of the blood of St. Euphemia collected in a glass bottle;§ the only difficulty is, to select some cases out of so great a number. Let us rather return to the catacombs, and show by some local

facts, that the vessel of blood could not be any thing but a sign of martyrdom.

These small vases, which frequently indicate extreme poverty, in no wise in harmony with the profusion of perfumes or balsamic substances, are always found sealed in the stone, out of the sepulchre—and only where martyrs are entombed. Thus the body of St. Primitivus, on whose sepulchral stone, we read the following words: *After many torments a valiant martyr.* Post. Multas. ANGUSTIAS. FORTISSIMUS. MARTYR., was found with the vase containing his blood. The same fact was evinced in 1725, when, under the great altar of St. Clement, was discovered, with the monumental stone and phial of blood, the body of Flavius Clemens, a man of consular dignity and a Christian martyr. An ancient inscription, published among the *Inscriptioni doniane*, relates, that under the altar of St. Alexis, on the Aventine, the blood of St. Boniface martyr, was preserved in a vase.

But we should be carried much too far were we to attempt to record all the facts of this kind furnished by the catacombs of Rome. We may add, however, that the use of *sponge* for gathering the blood, besides being attested by Prudentius, as we have seen, is rendered manifest from the circumstance of the sponge being sometimes found saturated with

* Invenimus sanguinem triumphalem.—(Exhort. ad Virgines.)

† Inveni signa convenientia, ossa omnia integra et plurimum sanguinem.—(Ep. L. iii. 54.)

‡ Tenemus enim sanguinem, qui est testis passionis.—(P. 339, ed. Card. Quirin.)

§ Hist. Eccles. lib. xviii, c. 31.

blood. And on the stones, the word SANGUIS (blood) abridged to SANG., was inscribed. It was written SA. SATURNII, for SANGUIS SATURNINI, as appears from a vase discovered at Rome.

To imagine, then, that these vases were used for perfumes and *liqueurs*, as in the pagan sepulchres, would be an egregious error. Those of the latter were placed within, and never without, the tomb: those of the former, never outside, but always within the sepulchre. Nor could they

have been *lachrymatory vases*, as some modern writers have pretended. For the church never prayed for the martyrs, nor bewailed their lot: this would have been contrary to the glory of the champions of Christ. Much less could their graves have been honored with perfumes and balsamic *liqueurs*, which the pagans offered to the Manes and other heathen divinities; for this would have been falling into that abominable idolatry against which they protested at the sacrifice of their lives.

CONTENTMENT.—AUTUMN.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

Aim at contentment in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it, than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Chesterfield.

This life is a fevered, unsatisfying state of existence, and man is a restless creature. Be his rank, or station, or circumstances what they may, it matters not, there remains ever an object unattained, on which his eye rests, and for which his heart yearns, with insatiable craving. So long as that object is unpossessed, he is an unhappy being; yet, when gained, how often is it flung aside as the useless toy of a child? Splendor and affluence may sprinkle his pathway with rose-leaves—gratified ambition may fling its golden halo around his brow—pleasure may envelope him in her elysium of seductions—every department of nature and of art may be ransacked for the elements of happi-

ness, and then from all of them he may turn away, fainting, weary, sick at heart, with unsatisfied aspiration.

Who has not in the beautiful day-dreams of excited fancy—when he has cast loose the reins of imagination, and for a brief season has permitted his thoughts and his feeling unrestrained to revel in the fairy realms of the ideal world—who at such an hour has not traced upon his mind's tablet the outlines of a scheme of contentment which he may never enjoy; and, in conception, summoned up a paradise of bliss, of which this sublunary world knows not! Who in fancy has not spread in his vision greener fields than ever even in boyhood's hour, he has gambolled on—bathed his fevered lips in fresher fountains than ever gushed from the rock, and transcend above him bluer skies and richer sun-light than ever occupied on earth?

Ah! could we scan the thoughts of the human heart's varied multitude, which in the bustling scenes of ordi-

nary existence, throng around us—could we trace out the untold emotions which agitate the unseen secrets of our bosoms, how many a wild and bitter thing should we there find ranking, which the beaming eye and the flushed cheek, and the sunny lip, had never revealed! What unspeakable longing! what intense solicitude! what feverish aspiration! what melancholy retrospection! what fearful foreboding! what remorseful meditation! what wild hopes and wilder wishes should we not there behold!

Thus it is: and, as the features of the human face are the same in every countenance, so are the features of the human heart in every breast. Thus has it ever been; nor in the nature of the moral, mental, or spiritual existence, can it ever, in this unsanctified world, be otherwise.

The love of life is so intimately blended with our mortal frame, that death alone can alienate it. For the preservation of life what do we account dear? And if we obtain a respite, we imagine ourselves safe. Absurd infatuation! Is a point of such moment beneath our notice, and shall we be flying from what we cannot escape?

But upon a due estimate of life, grandeur and depression vanish: poverty or riches, good or evil—these short-lived gifts of accident, become totally indifferent. All contentment, then, centres in two points, religion and virtue.

AUTUMN.

How welcome thou, that in my mind
Reviv'st the useful thought,
That mortals are for death designed,
And must to death be brought:
That we the sport of trifling care,
The slaves of anxious toil,
Must hence to different worlds repair,
Must tread a different soil.
Oh! may we careful ever be,
Each moment to improve,
From vain and trifling pleasures free,
To seek the things above.

There one perpetual spring shall bloom,
Nor autumn's sadd'ning joy,
Nor sullen winter's watery gloom,
Our pleasures shall destroy.

The verdure of spring is faded,—the invigorating influences of summer are past. The rays of the sun now fall faintly upon us. No longer do we seek the shady grove—the bower of nature. No longer do we breathe the odors of the flowers of the field, or hear the melody of the songsters of the air. The feathered tribes are now retiring to solitudes, which will shelter them from the winds and the frosts of winter; or they are following the sun—the prince of heat and animation, to more southern climes. The trees begin to lose their foliage, and the face of nature will soon assume the dreary appearance of death. But has the season of life and vegetation closed before the beneficent purposes of heaven have been accomplished? It has not. The earth has yielded her increase, and is now to take the necessary repose. The mild influence of spring caused the seed of the husbandman to grow; the genial warmth of summer brought it to maturity, and autumn has poured her bounty into our lap. The ripened fields have invited the reapers sickle. The trees have unloaded their heavy branches into our stores, and we have accumulated the necessary sustenance for the inclement months that are approaching. How good! how bountiful is God!

Every beam of the sun, every breeze and every shower of the season, is charged by our heavenly father with a blessing for man. Though the tiller of the ground in the days of labor, retired from the piercing heat of the meridian sun to the cooling shade, yet nature continued her labor to bring to perfection the fruits of the earth. Though at the close of light, he resigned himself to sleep, to invigorate his exhausted strength, yet the causes of vegetation ceased not

their operation. Through the silent watches of the night, the thirsty plants imbibed the dew of heaven, which greatly exhilarated their growth under the influence of the morning sun.

The succession of night and day, the course of the seasons, the process of vegetation, are uniform and common; for this reason these events rarely command our attention, or excite our admiration. But let us for a moment reflect on the causes which must concur to secure us the blessings of autumn. The dews of the night, the gentle breezes, and the refreshing showers of the summer, and the mild influences of the sun, are all necessary. The drought of a few weeks, or the chilling frost of a single night, might wholly disappoint the hope of man, and deprive him of every blessing of harvest.

What would be our situation should any of the ministers of the divine displeasure, be commissioned to suspend the powers of vegetation? In the appointed time of harvest, barrenness and desolation every where appear. Instead of trees loaded with fruits, we behold naked branches.—The keen air and the furious storm warn us of the approach of winter; and with horror we reflect that our stores are empty, that dearth universally pervades our land. In vain do we look around for the friendly beast, which living, administers to our use, and is at last sacrificed to our appetites. These have all experienced the inclemency of the season, and deprived of their nourishment, they are dead. Our own wants are aggravated by the useless cries of our dependants for a morsel of bread.—How little can we do for ourselves! How constant is our dependence upon our heavenly Parent! The earth spontaneously yields grass for cattle, and herbs and trees for the service of man.

The maxim that “the tree is known by its fruits,” is supported by the ex-

perience of ages, and sanctioned by the authority of Heaven. We cannot always judge of moral principles in the abstract. Their particular operation, as connected with the interests of the world, is often necessary, in order to gratify us in forming an opinion either in their favor or against them. That must be intrinsically good which, in its natural, legitimate, and unrestrained effect, subtracts even a few particles from the accumulated amount of human misery, and adds even a few drops to the cup of sublunary enjoyment. Any principle or institution, which is calculated to produce these effects, ought to be welcomed as a good guide, the object of whose mission is to compose the conflicts of a jarring world—to repair the devastations wrought by sin, and to scatter a few rays of Heaven’s own blessed light upon the nations of the earth. Speculations, which are connected with no practical good, and of little worth. The wise-drawn theories which are calculated only to amuse the moon-struck brain of him with whom they originated, occupy an insignificant place in the estimation of the practical philosopher.—This is a world of energy and action and every thing adapted to the work of goodness—every principle calculated to raise and purify the earth—and every institution that can heal the wounds of bleeding nature, and augment the reputation of heaven, should be held in requisition for these benevolent labors.

There can be no question of the purity of Christian principles. Every doubt on the subject is forever put at rest; even the enemies themselves of others’ systems, being judges. To the operation of the Roman Catholic religion, we are indebted, that every city is not a Sodom, and every land “a field of blood,” and to this may be attributed all the delicacy of sentiments and correctness of moral feeling, which distinguish us from the li-

centious Mussulman, and the remorseless pagan. We cannot forbear subjoining the inference to which this fact unavoidably leads us, that those who make war against the gospel, are not the friends of moral purity. A wish to extinguish the sun of the moral system, must be connected with the "love of darkness rather than light."

The tendency of Christian institutions is by no means equivocal. The gospel has both a direct and indirect operation upon every thing which relates to man. To say nothing of that joy unspeakable which it is capable of infusing into the bosom of its humble votary—or of that consolation, with which it can bind up the bleeding heart—or of that starry crown and wavering palm and perpetuity of bliss to which it points in the beatific regions of the paradise of God: to say nothing of these effects of the gospel, it ever excites throughout the great mass of human society an influence which is too often overlooked or undervalued, both by its enemies and by its friends.

There is not an institution of man in civilized society, but feels the power, I had almost said, the omnipotence, of the gospel. Political systems, moral creeds, and philosophical theories, have been moulded or modified by the doctrines inculcated, and the institutions erected by the Word of God; the governments of the world have felt the influence—the moral face of the globe has changed for the better, and evils of the most malignant character, have been diminished where they have been annihilated. It is true that this world still abounds with evil. It presents to the weeping eye of philanthropy, a dark and gloomy picture.

An angel might drop a tear upon the earth, and mingle the sigh of sympathy with the groans of its suffering population; but the gospel and its institutions have effected much; the

history of all nations of antiquity presents to us almost uninterrupted scenes of blood, tyranny, and desolation. Modern warfare is much less sanguinary, and modern governments much less despotic, than ancient.—More civil liberty is enjoyed, and fewer crimes stain the records of the earth. Had a change of this magnitude been effected in the lapse of a few years, it would have appeared like the operation of a charm or a miracle.

What learning, talents, power, wealth, experience, and centuries, could not accomplish, has been gradually and imperceptibly brought about by the secret though powerful operations of Christian institutions.

Had it not been for the influence of the gospel, barbarism would have overspread the earth; idols would have been our deities. The iron hand of ancient despotism, would have continued to crush the inhabitants of the world, and such a system of government as free and happy America enjoys, would never have found a place in the records of nations.

There are some political theorists who trace the misfortunes of Ireland, to the influence of the gospel in England, but it is not just.—Because Ireland's oppression commenced nearly 400 years before that gospel existed there. That gospel is from heaven, her office is to pluck thorns from the human breast, not to plant them; to prepare men for a better world, by raising, not depressing them, in the scale of virtue here. It would be cruel to charge the gospel with the crimes of which Erin has been the victim, not only since the Reformation, but before, when the good of both nations worshipped God around the same altar.

And in conclusion, to the gospel we are indebted for almost every thing that is good, and by this we enjoy an exemption from much that is evil. To this system we may trace

the mercies which cheer our lives—
 the consolations which sweeten our
 afflictions—the power which plucks
 away the sting of death, and the lamp
 which pours its splendor into the
 grave, and darts some of its rays
 across the confines of that broad eter-
 nity which borders on time.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT
 ST. MARY'S, IN 1634, AND THE FIRST PROCLAMATION OF CIVIL
 AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN THE NEW WORLD.

BY GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS, ESQ., OF ARLINGTON.

*Respectfully inscribed to the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Baltimore,
 and the Catholics of Maryland.*

(AIR—Star spangled banner.)

I.

Oh bright was the morn, and the spring breeze was sighing
 When proudly there rode on Potomac's broad wave,
 The barks of the pilgrims, their gay pennons flying;
 While high on their decks shone the pious and brave.
 Then their landing began,
 And they bore in their van,
 The ever blest sign of salvation to man.
 They plant it rejoicing, and proclaim the decree,
 That Mary's fair land "be the land of the free!"

II.

This germ in the soil of so genial a clime,
 Soon grew to maturity, bloomed, and flourished;
 Its fruits are a people to be known to all time,
 As a *people* that liberty planted and nourished.
 And while one shall remain,
 Of that pilgrim train,
 He'll liberty, civil and religious maintain,
 And thus shall fulfil his forefathers' decree,
 That Mary's fair land be the land of the free.

III.

When stern was the struggle 'gainst oppression and pow'r;
 And the patriot disdained his rights to surrender,
 The son of the pilgrim in that trying hour,
 Stood firm 'mong the firmest his county's defender.

And where glory did shine,
 "The old Maryland line"*
 Gathered laurels unfading its brows to entwine.
 Guilford, Cowpens and Eutaw, confirmed the *decree*,
 That Mary's fair land be the land of the free.

IV.

Where once was a desert, an empire behold,
 Where laws, rights, and liberties, have equal dominion.
 Where freedom of conscience here planted of old,
 Its blessings enjoys 'neath the eagles' broad pinion.
 And now heart and hand,
 On this time honor'd strand,
 Where Freedom her altar first reared in our land ;
 We swear to preserve union and liberty,
 And Mary's fair land shall forever be free.

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK V. CHAPTER II.

"It does not depend upon ourselves not to look at it, my good friend," rejoined the Count. "It lies before us, and not to see it, we must be blind; and this would be worse than being afraid. Let us repeat, rather, that there is no philosophy without the art of despising objections, otherwise, mathematics themselves, must be shaken. I acknowledge, that whilst I think of some of the mysteries of the intellectual world, my head turns a little. Still it is possible to stand firm; and nature, interrogated with wisdom, conducts us to the ways of truth. A thousand and a thousand times, no doubt, you have reflected on the combination of motion. Run,

for example, from the east to the west, whilst the world turns from west to east. What do you wish to do, by running? You would wish, I suppose, to run over on foot a *werste* in eight minutes from east to west. You have done it; you are fatigued, covered with perspiration; you show all the symptoms of exhaustion. But what was the object of the *first mover*, that superior power, who leads you on? He wished that instead of advancing from east to west, you should be confined to space, with inconceivable velocity, which has really occurred. He has thus done with you what he wished. Play at shuttlecock on a vessel that scuds before the

* "The old Maryland line—that General Greene compared to the game cock, that would stand cutting."—*Lafayette's Toast at the Cincinnati dinner in Baltimore, in 1824.*

wind: is there in the motion which hurries you and the vessel onward, any thing which retards your action? You hurl the cork from stem to stern, with a velocity equal to that of the vessel, (a supposition, which may be rigorously true :) the two players do certainly *what they will*; but the first mover has done likewise *what he will-ed*. One of the two, thought that he hurled the cork: he merely arrested it: the other has gone to him instead of waiting for it, as he believed, and receiving it on his racket.

“Well, you say, that since you have not done what you believed you did, you have not done what you wished. In this case, you do not observe that this same objection may be made against the superior mover, of whom it might be said, that wishing to force on the shuttle-cock, it has nevertheless, remained immovable. The argument, then, would hold good against God. Since it has, to establish that the divine power may be interfered with by that of man, precisely as much strength as to establish the inverse proposition, it follows that it is of no value in one or the other case, and that the two powers act together without interfering with each other.

“We may take away a great part of this combination of moving powers which can animate, at the same time, the same body, whatever be their number and their direction, and which all have their effect, until the thing moved finds itself at the end of the only movement which they will have produced, precisely at the same point where it would have been arrested, if all had acted one after the other. The only difference that is found between the two forces is that, in that of bodies, the power which animates them does belong to them; whereas, in that of not spirits, their wills, which are substantial actions, unite, increase, operate of themselves, since they are but actions. It may happen that a created will an-

nuls, I do not say, the *effort*, but the result of the divine action; for, in this sense, *God* himself has told us, that *God WILLs* things which never come to pass, because *MAN WILLED IT NOT*.* Thus the rights of man are immense, and his greatest misfortune is not to know them. But his true action is prayer, by means of which, by placing himself in union with God, he exercises, thus to speak, the all-powerful action, since he determines it. Do you wish to know what is this power, and measure it, as it were? Think of what the will of man can effect in the circle of evil. It can oppose God, as you have just seen. What, then, is the power of that will when it acts with him? Where are the limits of that power? Its nature is to have none. The energy of the human will vaguely strikes us in the social order, and it often is said, *that man can do whatever he wills*: but in the spiritual order, where the effects are not sensible, ignorance on this point, is too general; and on the circle of matter, we do not make, by a good deal, the necessary reflections. You will easily overturn, for example, one of these eglantines; but you cannot throw down the oak: why, I ask you? The earth is covered with men, without minds, who hasten to answer you: *because your muscles are not strong enough*, taking thus, in the simplest manner in the world, the *limit* for the *means* of strength. That of man is limited by his physical organs, in order that he cannot trouble, except to a certain degree, the established order. For you easily conceive what would become of the world, if man could, by the strength

* Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often have I wished to gather thy children, &c. AND THOU WOULDST NOT! (Luke xiii. 24.) There are in the spiritual order, as well as in the material, *living powers and dead powers*; and this is as it should be.

of his arm, overturn an edifice, or uproot a forest. It is true, that the same wisdom which created man *perfectible*, has given him the power—that is to say, the artificial means of augmenting his natural strength: but this gift is accompanied by a striking sign of infinite foresight. For, wishing that every possible augmentation may be proportionate, not to the boundless desires of man, which are immense, and almost always disorderly, but only to his wise desires, regulated by his wants, he has wished that each of his powers should be necessarily accompanied by a restriction which grows out of it, in such a manner, that strength must necessarily destroy itself by the very effort it makes to increase itself. We cannot, for example, augment proportionably the power of a lever without augmenting proportionably the difficulties which must finally render it useless. It may further, be said, that in general and in operations, even, which cannot strictly be called mechanical, man cannot augment his natural powers without employing in proportion, more time, more space and more material,—a circumstance, which occupies him in a manner, always increasing, and prevents him from acting clandestinely: and this should be carefully remarked. Thus, for example, any man can blow up a house by means of a mine; but the indispensable preliminaries are such, that the public authorities will always have time to come and demand what he is about. Optical instruments present a still more striking example of the same law, since it is impossible to perfect one of the qualities, the union of which constitutes the perfection of those instruments, without weakening another. We may make the same observation concerning fire-arms. In a word, there is no exception to the law of which the suspension would annihilate human society. Thus, then, on all

sides, and in the order of nature, as in that of art, limits are placed. You will not be able to bend the vine, of which I have just spoken, if you press it with a reed; not because you have not the strength, but because strength is wanting to that reed. And this weak instrument is to the eglantine, what the arm is to the oak. The will by its essence could transport mountains, but the muscles, nerves, and bones, which are given for material action, press on the oak, as the reed on the eglantine. Take away the law which requires that the human will cannot act materially in an immediate manner, except on the body which it animates (a law purely accidental and relative to our state of ignorance and corruption), it would tear up an oak, as it stretches out the arm. In whatever manner we regard the will of man, we find that its rights are immense. But as in the spiritual order, of which the material world is but an image, and a kind of reflection, prayer is the power confided to man, let us beware not to deprive ourselves of it. This would be wishing to substitute our arm in place of the musket, or the bomb shell.

The philosophy of the last century which will form in the eyes of posterity one of the most shameful epochs of the human mind, has not forgotten to divert us from prayer, by the consideration of *eternal and immutable laws*. It had, for its favorite object, I had almost said, its *only* object, to detach man from God: and how could it succeed more perfectly than by preventing him from praying. All this philosophy was in reality nothing more than a system of practical atheism. I have given a name to this strange disease, I call it *theophobia*; look well, and you will find it in all the philosophic books of the 18th century.* It was not openly said,

* And we may add with too much truth, the 19th also. The theory of the

There is no God: an assertion which might have carried with it some physical inconveniences. But it was said: *God is not there*. He is not in your ideas: they come from the senses. He is not in your thoughts: they are but *transformed sensations*. He is not in the scourges which afflict you: they are but physical phenomena, and are explained, like others, by known laws. He does not think of you; he has done nothing for you in particular; the world is made for the insect as well as for you; he does not take revenge on you, you are too insignificant, &c. &c. In a word, God could not be named in that philosophy without causing it to fall into convulsions. There were writers of that time, infinitely above the common herd, and remarkable for their partial views, who openly denied the creation. How could you speak of celestial chastisements to such men without throwing them into a fury? No *physical event can have any superior cause relative to man*: this is their dogma. Sometimes, perhaps, they will not articulate it in general; but, come to the application, and they will always deny it in detail, which amounts to the same thing. I can cite you a remarkable example, and one which will amuse, while at the same time, it cannot but sadden us, under one point of view. Nothing shocked them as much as the deluge, which is the greatest and most terrible judgment which the Divinity ever exercised on man: and yet nothing is better established by every kind of proof capable of establishing a great fact. How, then, must they act?—They begin by obstinately asserting, that there was not water enough to cause such a deluge: and I remember, that, in my young days, my weak faith was somewhat startled by their

inutility of prayer, and formal atheism, differs only in name.—Orig. de ant. opp. Tom. I. in fol. p. 202.

reasons. But afterwards taking a fancy to create a world by means of precipitation, and water being rigorously necessary for such an extraordinary operation, the want of water does not embarrass them in the least, and they have gone so far as to grant us, with extreme liberality, an *enveloppe* three leagues in height above the surface of the globe—which is very honest! Some have even imagined it becoming to call Moses to their assistance, and to force him by singular contortions, to bear witness in favor of their cosmogonical reveries. Well understood, however, that there is no divine intervention in this adventure, nothing supernatural. Thus they have admitted the total submersion of the globe at the epoch determined by that great man: and this they deemed sufficient to cause them to declare themselves seriously, the *defenders of revelation*; but of *God*, of *crime*, and of *punishment*, not a word. They have even insinuated, very quietly, *that there were no men on earth at the time of the great submersion*, a proposition altogether *Mosaical*, as you perceive. The word *deluge* having in it something *theological* which did not please them, was suppressed, and they called it *catastrophe*. Thus, they receive the *deluge*, because they stand in need of it for their vain theories, and they do away *God*, a word which fatigues them. Behold, a tolerable good symptom of *Theophobia*!

“I honor, with all my heart, the numerous exceptions which console the eye of the observer: and even among writers who are not the disciples of the true faith, I make with pleasure, several necessary distinctions. But the general character of that philosophy, is not the less, just what I have described it to be: which, by laboring without intermission, to detach man from the Divinity, has produced the deplorable generation which does or suffers to be done, all

that we behold around us. As for us, gentlemen, let us likewise have our *theophobia*; but let it be good.—And if sometimes Supreme Justice frightens us, let us remember the expression of St. Augustine, one of the finest that ever came from the mouth of man: *Are you afraid of God?—fly to his arms!**

“Permit me to believe, my dear Chevalier, that you are perfectly quiet on the subject of the *eternal and unchangeable laws*. There is nothing necessary but God, and nothing less so than evil. Every evil is a punishment, and every punishment (except the last), is inflicted by love as much as by justice.”

“I am enchanted to find that my little whims have drawn from you reflections which will be profitable to me,” said the Chevalier. “But what do you mean to convey by the words *except the last*?”

“Look around you, Chevalier,” he replied, “behold the acts of human justice. What does it do, when it condemns a man to a punishment less than capital? It does two things: it chastises—this is the work of justice; but, moreover, it wishes to correct—this is the work of love. If it were not permitted to hope that the punishment would induce the culprit to enter into himself, it would almost always punish with death. But when it is led to the conviction, either by the repetition, or number of crimes, that he is incorrigible, love withdraws, and justice pronounces an eternal punishment, for death is eternal: how can a dead man cease to be dead?—Yes, without doubt, justice of both kinds punishes only to correct; and all punishment, *except the last*, is a remedy, the last is death. All bear witness to this theory, and even fable itself proclaims the frightful truth:

“*Theseus is seated and shall always be.*”†

* VIS FUGERE A DEO, FUGE AD DEUM.

† INFELIX THESEUS, sedet æternumque sedebit—Virg. Æn. VI. 617. 18.

The river which is crossed but once†—the cask of the Danaids *always* empty and *always* full§—the liver of Titius *always* enduring under the devouring vulture||—Tantalus *always* ready to drink and eat, but *always* unable¶—the rock of Sisiphus, which *always* rolls**—the circle, the eternal symbol of eternity, inscribed on the wheel of Ixion††—are so many speaking hieroglyphics, which it is impossible to misunderstand.

We may, then, contemplate the divine justice in ours, as in in a mirror *dim*, indeed, but faithful, which cannot reflect any other image but that which it has received. We there see that chastisement can have no other end but to destroy evil, in such a manner, that the greater the evil and the more deeply enrooted, the longer and more painful the operation. But, if man renders himself entirely evil, how can that evil be forced from him; and what triumph does it leave to love? All true instruction, therefore, mingling fear with ideas of consolation, admonishes a free being not to advance to the terms, where there is no longer any term.”

“I should, for my part,” observed the Senator, “like to say many things more to the Chevalier; for I have not lost sight of his exclamation: *And what shall we say of war?* It seems to me that this scourge deserves to be considered of itself. But I perceive that the quaking of the earth has led us already too far. We must separate. To-morrow, if you choose, gentlemen, I will communicate to you my ideas on a subject which I have profoundly meditated.”

“I have little to boast of on that subject,” said the Chevalier, “I know

† Ibid. 425

§ Ovid. Metaph. IV. 462.

|| Virg. VI. 598, 600.

¶ Ovid. Met. 457, 458.

** Ibid. 459.

†† Ibid. 460–466.

not, however, whence it is, that I am always fond of waging it, or of speaking of it. I will, therefore, hear you with great pleasure."

"I will accept the invitation of our friend," added the Count; "but I do

not promise not to have something more to say, on prayer."

"In this case, I willingly yield you the floor, to-morrow, but I will not fail to take it in my turn—Adieu"

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY MISS E. O'DRISCOLL.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

SUNSET'S GLOW.

Search ye after beauty, and you will find it in the works of the Omnipotent! When the day has drawn to a close, oh! gaze upon every surrounding object bathed in glowing colors, and all reflecting the last lingering ray of that brilliant orb which has cheered us through the long and weary hours, and rendered them enlivening and pleasant. There is no brilliancy that can at all compare with the refulgent lustre of the sun in his mid-day career; but the softening, the enrapturing glow of sunset, surpasses all other beauties. Oh! who is there that can gaze with an unfeeling heart on the varied landscape of nature, decked in all her sunset robes! the river rolling by—the air loaded with fragrance, for the breath of the flowers are nature's own perfume, and there are none other so sweet. Let them look upon all this, and see each object revelling, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty which the departing rays of day have given it. And if he can look unmoved on all this, and not feel there is a sacred charm connected with it all, he possesses not a heart to feel, and nature's varied adornments meet with no answering echo

in his cold breast. Oh! there are times when it seems as though the God of heaven had decked this world with peculiar loveliness, when all nature smiles joyously in its charms, and we feel as though the hand of a divine being has indeed been here. Oh! give to me the enjoyment of a calm and fragrant sunset!

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

It was a mild and calm morning when the sun was just gilding the horizon, that a small cavalcade was winding their toilsome march through the sandy deserts of Arabia. The principal personages belonging to the party, were two persons in youth's bright days; but their pallid faces and feeble voices, told that there was deep sorrow rankling in their hearts. They were a brother and sister, who had grown up together in strong affection, till their hearts had become even as one; and when manhood settled on the brother's noble brow, the distant lands he had read of, he longed to see, and tread the soil where the heroes of ancient story had performed their wondrous deeds. In Europe's happy land they dwelt in calm security, till an opportunity of

ferred of satisfying his longing desires. Yet, when the time of his departure arrived, the thoughts of being separated from his loved sister, came o'er his soul like the blasts of winter; and with a struggle between love for her society and care for her comfort, he determined on her accompanying him in his travels. They started on their journey, and numerous were the beauties that he beheld as he wandered over scenes of classic story. At length, the sandy deserts of Arabia, with their scorching heat, wrought their baneful influence on his delicate frame; and the agonizing gaze of his darling sister was a sharp dagger to his heart, and he shuddered as he thought that that tender being might be left a stranger in a barbarous clime. One morning, as they were pursuing their path over the trackless sands, he broke the silence; for bitter thoughts had stilled their voices.—“Oh! Adelle, how deeply do I regret that I ever induced you to leave our own happy home, for I feel that I now am soon to depart from this world, and you will be left alone.” “Oh! my brother, say not so, leave me not in this land alone; for what will become of Adelle, if her Louis is taken away? Then all will be gone that is dear to her!” The day wore apace, and Adelle, with quivering eye, beheld Louis's noble brow damp and clammy, and his feverish lips told his sufferings. For, ah! it was a desert, and water there was none. At length, worn out with fatigue, his strength failing, it seemed as if the angel of death were hovering o'er his stricken victim.

The sun was descending as they fell in with a detachment from a caravan returning from paying their orisons at the tomb of the prophet. With joy did Adelle hail the strangers, and relate her sorrowful story. They were kindly received as members of the party, and when they reached their tented village, the gentle moon

was shedding her silver beams over the scene. When they arrived at the tents, the families of the Arabs came forth to meet the pilgrims, and hail their return home. As they reached the tent of their chief, a lovely young Arab girl sprang forth to meet her sire, and fell on his neck with deep affection. The chieftain, as he tenderly pressed his loved daughter to his arms, commended to her the care of the invalid and his sister. With instinctive love did Adelle's heart cling to the dark-eyed Milena, the flower of the desert, as she was poetically styled by the young chieftains. With all the far-famed hospitality of the Arab race, were the strangers treated, and a couch prepared for Louis, whose strength scarce enabled him to reach the tent of his kind host, who took under his care the invalid brother and sorrowing sister. Day after day, did they watch around the couch of the dying Louis, till, at length, his bright eyes beamed no more on Adelle, and his lips no more whispered for her the fervent prayer. Far from scenes held so dear did he depart; and bitter was the anguish of the bereaved sister as she clasped that hand now so cold,—called on that brother by every endearing epithet, and listened for a sound—a breath—but all was silent. The spirit that had animated the body, had fled to brighter regions, and Adelle was left alone in a stranger-land. With untold grief did she hang over the clay cold form of her idolized brother, till it was shrouded from her view in the dark grave. Oh! who can paint the desolation of that almost despairing sister, as she deposited her loved brother in a lonely desert grave. Like a fair and gentle lily which had grown up amid fertile vallies, but suddenly transplanted to some scorching plain, where it sighed for the refreshing rills to nourish its tender roots, so the fair Adelle withered and died. Vain was the care and love of

Milena. Vainly did she cling to her and beseech her to live ; all was of no avail. Beneath the palm-tree's branches, that shielded her Louis's grave from the sun's lurid glare, there was her home ; till, to ease her longing desires, death came, and gently freed her wearied spirit from the afflictions of life. The memory of that death-bed scene of the lovely Adelle, is cherished by Milena with warm affection. It was near evening, when her delicate frame, oppressed by the heat of the day, seemed fast sinking away ; she had been describing to Milena the loved scenes of her home in fair France, amid fertile gardens ; and how, at her departure, she bade farewell to every tree and flower that had been beloved by her from childhood's days. She related so many instances which plainly showed what an intensity of affection for her glowed in the heart of Louis.

"It was," said Adelle, "in the spring of the year preceding my fifteenth birthday, that one day, Louis requested me not to walk in that part of the grounds which he had appropriated for his garden. It was a spot we both loved, and I had been accustomed to make my daily walk amid its beautiful shrubbery ; but considering he had good reasons for his request, I hesitated not to comply. On the morning of my birthday, the sun rose up joyously as if to welcome the approach of the gala prepared in honor of me. I thought it strange that Louis did not mingle in the congratulations offered by the gay group of friends assembled for my amusement, but he joined us at breakfast with features glowing with excitement, and apparently highly pleased with something, we knew not what. But our conjectures were speedily put to an end ; for, on rising from table, he requested us, while a smile played on his countenance, to walk in the garden. We accompanied him. Oh ! never shall I forget the beauty of that

morning ; it seemed as though all nature had conspired to fill our hearts with grateful, happy feelings. The air was fresh and balmy ; the birds were carolling their joyous songs ; and I, happy, careless being, revelled in the enjoyment of the hour. At length we neared the hitherto forbidden grounds. Oh ! how changed since last I had seen them ! It was, indeed, a lovely spot, entirely encircled with beautiful shrubbery, and enriched with those rare plants that flourish beneath our genial sun. In the midst of the garden a lovely little temple, of the purest white marble, had been erected of the Grecian form. We entered, and if the exterior had been inviting, the interior was calculated to charm and delight the beholder. The furniture indicated for whom the building had, with so much affection, been intended. There were musical instruments, the harp, piano, and guitar, of the most costly materials and finished workmanship.—While my own loved lute, the cherished gift of a departed mother, for which I bore so much affection, for it seemed as if the image of the departed visited me though unseen, and filled my soul with a sacred calm as my hand wandered o'er its strings, and its gentle melody stole on the air, had been removed thither, and filled a conspicuous place. The most costly exotics were placed in recesses, and rare birds warbled forth their songs from cages half hidden amid the embowering leaves. Books (those best of friends) were added in profusion, and completed the graceful picture, while the necessary furniture of the apartment was of a style and taste to correspond with its embellishments, and would have been esteemed a sufficient decoration for the boudoir of an eastern princess. Such was the birthday present from my beloved brother. Oh ! how many happy, blissful hours, have been spent in that garden bower. But vain is it to re-

gret, or allow memory to retrace its flight back to happier times. Those days are gone, forever gone, and retrospection will but add distress to a heart over charged with grief. The loved home of my infancy I will never again behold; and all that made life cheerful to the lonely orphan girl, the companion of my childhood, the brother of my heart, my Louis, sleeps in a strange land." Such was the plaintive story related by Adelle to Milena, who listened with breathless attention to the affecting recital, for her heart was wrung by the sorrow of the gentle girl; and while she tenderly supported her head, perceived with dismay, the rapid inroads that death was making on her features.—“Farewell!” she whispered; “farewell, Milena! I am going home.—

Think of me when I am gone, and lay me by the side of Louis;” and, with a prayer to that Being, who watcheth over all, her gentle spirit winged its flight to paradise where angel choirs tune their harps, and chant the praises of their Lord.

How beautiful did that little spot look, hallowed by affection, in the lonely desert!—the graves of Louis and Adelle, side by side, while the graceful forms of the palm-trees, shielded it from the sun, and the sound of a murmuring rill that gushed at their roots stole, with a pleasing sensation, on the ear. And the chieftain’s daughter watches over a spot dear to her, while the gentle rays of the moon give beauty and sacredness to the hallowed scene.

ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE FIRST COMMEMORATION OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE READ, ESQ.

[A glorious celebration, and a splendid oration! The commemoration of the event which settled good old Maryland with a Catholic colony, seeking on the banks of the Chesapeake a refuge from oppression, and an asylum where the altars of their church might be reared in peace, under the shadow of the boundless forest. Pilgrims, compelled to leave their native land, and all the most endearing objects of their hearts, rather than prove recreant to the faith which had been the glory of their ancestors, and for which they were doomed to be persecuted at home.

As to the oration pronounced on this solemn occasion, amid the scenes and

venerable reminiscences of the place itself, all hail to the voice that gave utterance to it! The voice of a true heart; of a sincere and deep-thinking convert to the faith of the Pilgrims; of a brilliant scholar; of an eloquent and finished writer—all hail, we repeat, to the orator, William George Read! He has done justice—more than justice—to his subject: a subject by no means easy to be treated: no hackneyed or commonplace theme—but fresh, novel, great, exciting: which called for a first-rate production, and which demanded for its execution a first-rate mind and writer. Mr. Read has answered all expectations—satisfied all anticipations—realized all

hopes. His oration does honor to himself, to the Philodemic Society, to the Catholic body, to Maryland : and we, as having sprung from the soil of primitive Catholicism and generous toleration and equality, cannot but participate deeply in the general pleasure—and feel a thrill of patriotic and religious enthusiasm at the entire success of Mr. Read in the oration before us. The exordium is peculiarly felicitous and classical :]

“WHEN the Hero of the *Æneid* invoked the Delian oracle, to direct the wanderings of that faithful band, who had followed his fortunes from the flames of Troy, he received—while the mountain quaked and the laurels trembled around him—the mysterious response, ‘*Seek out your ancient mother!*’

We are here, to-day, my friends, in accordance with a similar mandate, though promulgated under different circumstances. It came not to destitute exiles, but the happy occupants of long established homes. It breathed not the hopes and fears of wild and uncertain adventure, but the gentler emotions of gratitude and love. It claimed not religious obedience, although emanating from the sacred seat of piety and learning; but was enforced by that sublime and universal instinct, which prompts mankind, in every variety of their mortal condition, to resort to the graves of the great and good, and the scenes of their earthly probation and achievements—which leads the pilgrim to the sainted shrine, or the hallowed dust of the amphitheatre—the patriot to the fields of his country’s glory—the scholar to haunts familiar to departed genius—and the savage to those forest-grown mounds where sleep the bones of his fathers: and therefore have we left the walks of business, and our domestic altars, and come with flaunting banner, and “sonorous metal,” to exchange congratulations on the spot where the foundations of our State were laid, and offer grateful orisons together where the first temple

to ‘the Giver of all good’ was erected in Maryland.”

[He then proceeds to draw the character of the most prominent personage—the leader and head of the Catholic Pilgrims, Lord Baltimore. It is as follows :]

“His character presents, in rarest combination, the hero, the scholar, the statesman, and the Christian.—Earnest in temperament, as is evinced by the grandeur of his plans, and the indomitable perseverance he displayed in their execution; capable of those sacrifices for principle, which win esteem and commendation, from all but the base, even among our opponents; regardless of private emolument, while toiling for the glory of his country, and the good of his fellow men; decided in his convictions, but holding off from party; exact and methodical in business, and eminent in that noblest discipline of wisdom, which in ‘Washington consulted much, reflected much,—resolved slowly,—resolved surely,’* he has left a kindred fame to His who, a century and a half afterwards, set an indelible impress on the hearts of his countrymen and the destinies of the human race. Descended from the ancient and noble house of Calvert, in the Earldom of Flanders, and accomplished in the learning of Oxford, he attracted at an early age the attention of the celebrated Sir Robert Cecil, whose confidence was the pledge of fame and fortune, as it was of transcendent ability in the rising statesman. Favored by this consummate politician, Calvert passed through the important employments of his private secretary, and clerk to the privy council, to the high and responsible station of Secretary of State. His sovereign’s blade had already ‘laid knighthood on his shoulder;’ and the admiration of the constituency, first of his native county, and subsequent-

* Hamilton.

† Sept. 29th, 1617.

ly of his 'alma mater,' advanced him to the honorable duties of the Parliament; and a political career, gilded by the smiles of an indolent, profuse* and trusting king, lay in brilliant prospect before him. But the brightest track of earthly glory, no less than the hidden walk of the humble and obscure, leads but along the verge of Eternity: and Calvert, as with swelling heart and nervous limb he scaled its dazzling heights, looked thoughtfully over the abyss! A mind like his, so far reaching and sincere, could not remain indifferent to the vital controversy that had shaken Europe to its centre, and still employed the ablest intellects of Christendom. The awful conviction burst into his soul, that Religion is the worship of God, in the mode that he has pointed out; and that diversity of creed involves diversity of Religion. He saw the professors of the tenets in which himself had been educated disagreeing among themselves, and he thought that He who had marched before the depositaries of his foreshadowing covenants, in the pillar of cloud and fire, would not have left his Church, in the fulness of time, to wander in doubt and uncertainty! Signally qualified by education for consulting the historians of the primitive Church, whose venerable records have, through neglect of classical learning, become sealed volumes to most of us, he saw that great mysterious body, in every age and every land of Christendom, however remote from each other in point of time, or separated by distance, by difficulty of access, by diversity of language, manners, customs, laws, or interests, still linked together in the golden chain of religious unity, stretching up through the night of ages to the very days of the

apostles! Enabled by proximity to estimate with accuracy the conduct and motives of individuals, whom distance often robes in deceptive hues, he saw the most prominent supporters of "the new learning" in England "waxed mighty and of power by the confiscation, spoil and ruin of the houses of noble and ancient men," and of those magnificent endowments of early piety which, dispensing with the school tax and the poor laws, supplied the cravings of the soul that hungered after knowledge, in the library of the convent, and distributed food to the beggar at the gate!

Initiated, by his connexion with the government, into that policy which was known abroad only by its effects, he saw a portion of his countrymen persecuted for their conscientious adherence to a faith which, planted in the 'sceptered isle,' perhaps by Paul, was found unchanged by Austin, when, at the command of the great Gregory, he went forth to convert the *Angle* to the *angel*, to reclaim from the wrath of God, through the blood of Jesus, its heathen conqueror—"deep blooming, strong, and yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon;" and which had remained unaltered by the violence of human will, or the caprice of human ingenuity, from the times of Ethelbert and Bertha, till its unyielding morality set bounds to the impetuous Henry. He saw them suffer for their adherence to a church, whose pontiffs had, for sixteen centuries, secure amid the rise and fall of earthly empire, extended over Christendom their benignant sway; in Jesus Christ begetting nations unto life, guarding the integrity of doctrine, regulating discipline, animating and controlling the clergy, edifying the body of the faithful, and indirectly, too, subserving the purposes of their wonderful mission, by upholding lawful authority, by restraining the encroachments of tyranny, by asserting the rights of the people, by mitigating the horrors of

* In 1620, James gave him a pension of £1,000 per annum, equal to five or six times that amount now—this he resigned on his conversion.

war, in the brief campaigns of feudal times, through 'the truce of God,' or averting its evils by their paternal mediation: at one period the political saviours of Europe, by arming Christendom against the Moslem invasion, more terrible than Attila's, and preventing, by the crusades, the submersion of Western liberty, under the bloody waves of Oriental conquest—at others repairing with liberal hand the ravages of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun, by their munificent and unwearied patronage of science and the arts—that church whose saintly recluses, in the calm solitude of the cloister, or 'on the wild rocks of the desert sea,' amid austerities and devotions that called down the mercy of God on a sinful race, 'in iron barbarous times,' kept alive the lamp of learning, at the taper which lighted them to the midnight prayer—that church whose comprehensive and exhaustless charity, emulating in her holy orders, her blessed guilds and confraternities, the counsels of her Master, 'sold all and distributed to the poor,' penetrating every receptacle of misery, and every haunt of crime, to console, to succor, and reclaim; from the godlike sacrifice that redeemed the captive from the infidel, by going into voluntary slavery, to that less brilliant but not less saving mercy, which sought out the night-wandering wretches, whom destitution and despair impelled to crime in the streets of the metropolis, and invited them home to an honest supper and a guiltless bed—plunging, with the Bethlehemite, into realms of eternal night, in the mines of Mexico and Peru—or breasting the everlasting frost, amid the blinding snows of St. Bernard and St. Gothard; a charity which erected hospitals where the diseased body might find health or alleviation, and churches where the bread of life should be broken to the sick and languid soul; which multiplied books, before the age of print-

ing, with the restless pen of the attenuated monk, and founded readerships where the treasures of the sacred manuscript might be scattered broad-cast among the people—which built up cities of refuge where innocence might repose secure from the insults of feudal oppression, or the seductions of an insidious world, and sanctuaries to which repentant guilt might flee, to weep with Magdalen at the feet of her Saviour. Yes! he saw the Catholics of England and Ireland suffer for adhering to that 'venerable church, whose saints are sages, whose sages are apostles, whose apostles are martyrs, whose princes are the humble!'—that 'beautiful church, whose poetry is divine, whose music is angelical, whose painting is inspired, whose architecture is inimitable!'—the church of the Angelos, the Raffaeles, the Dantes, of Kepler, of Leonardo de Vinci, of Galileo, whose name has for two centuries been but another word for popular delusion, wherever the English language is spoken, and no where else—the church of Bacon, of Copernicus, of Columbus, of the myriads supreme in every department of human excellence, whose names I have not breath to tell, of the myriads more, 'whose names we know not, but whose works are superhuman in science, in usefulness, in beauty, and in majesty!'—The result of such reflections on this illustrious Englishman, was his open return to the communion of Bede and Alcuinus, of Bernard and Francis, of that master and model of the hidden life, whose all but inspired compend of celestial philosophy passes under the name of a Kempis, and of 'the crowds that followed them as they did Christ.'

Had we no other evidence of his magnanimity, this, which has gained him from a Protestant historian commendation of his "rare virtue," would abundantly suffice. It is no light thing to bow the pride of the intellect

and the will to even divine authority. It is hard to break the ties of early habits and associations. It is hard to turn in voluntary relegation from the beaten paths which lead to favor and emolument. It is harder to grieve over the estranged affection, that had been to us as vital air. But when to these, which so often attest the convert's sincerity, were added the fearful trials that awaited Calvert, there is nothing wanting to the transaction, to stamp it the most devoted heroism. For his disqualification for the service of his king, was not the only consequence of his fidelity to, what he believed, his duty to his God. The very act of his reconciliation, with the ancient church, had exposed him to the sanguinary penalties of treason. The institutions of Catholic Alfred—still our boast and security—existed no more for him. The charters wrung at Runnymede by Catholic courage from iron-handed despotism, or won, by the policy of an archbishop, from the fickle Henry, and maintained, through the fidelity of the spiritual lords to their patriotic engagements with the barons, no longer threw their ample shields around his person or his property. The delicacy of his family might be outraged, at any hour, by domiciliary visits from the lowest emissaries of the law, in search of those endearing memorials of a Saviour's dying love, that Catholic devotion delights to bear upon the person! His goods might be wasted, through extorted bribery for security from insult, or the barefaced pillage of official insolence secure of impunity. The statutes of recusancy might drain with insatiate avidity the last shilling from his exhausted purse; and, while those "great and goodly cities" of learning, which Catholic wisdom had planned, and Catholic charity endowed, the foundations of bishops, archbishops and chancellors,—of a Wickham, a Merton, a Stapleton, a Chicheley, and their co-laborers

in the holy work of public education were closed against his offspring, he was denied the wretched privilege of sending them abroad, to receive, without detriment to the belief in which he felt it his duty to train them up those accomplishments to which their social rank entitled them."

[In the following beautiful strain, he describes their emotions on quitting their native land: and presents, by this picture, the spectacle of their unconquerable faith, which they preferred to all the delights and blessings of home:]

"With equal piety and taste, he denominates 'the Ark,' the stout ship that was to bear this faithful family, from the devastation of the ancient world, with the sacred traditions of primeval times, to the green bosom of a new earth. Her light consort is named 'the Dove,' and the voyagers prepare to leave their home. Their home! What a tale of sorrow is concentrated in that single word! a sensual utilitarianism had not then subdued the best feelings of the heart, and philosophized the expatriation of a family, down to the cold calculations of expediency that direct the migration of a commercial firm. Their country had trampled and spurned them, but it was reserved for modern times to hear, that 'to make us love our country, our country must be lovely.' Oh, no! such is not the language of truth and nature. We love our country, because it is our country, maugre the malice or misrule of man! God has, for wise purposes, implanted in our bosoms the principle of local attachment. We love, through the blest necessity of loving, ere we can well distinguish good from evil. Like the climbing plants, our affections must cling to something, and they twine around the objects of our early association, with a tenacity that no violence can ever tear away. They may wither through neglect; they may be blighted by unkindness; but the tender grasp of

their first luxuriance only stiffens in death. And the pilgrims of Maryland, what had they to leave ! They were mostly, as I have stated, of the well born of the land, honorable through long descent, and the constancy with which themselves had adhered to the faith of their fathers. They and their progenitors had sealed their devotion to it, not always, perhaps, in that physical martyrdom, which rouses manhood, which is sustained by the countenance and prayers of admiring and sympathizing friends, or the proud consciousness that its firmness animates some fainting brother ; no ! like those unheeded and unpitied martyrs, who bleed and burn in the secret cells of the heart, cut off from all earthly sources of sympathy and consolation, they had endured in poverty and distress, in contempt and obscurity : but still they failed not—

—‘ Unshaken, unseduced, untterrify’d
Their constancy they kept, their love,
their zeal ;
Nor number nor example with them
wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change their
constant mind.’

And dear to them was the fair land they were to leave, with all its hallowed associations, its old family recollections, its memorials of the friendship strong as death, that had suffered with them, or often, in spite of temptation or prejudice, in spite of laws that interdicted the rites of hospitality, thrown around them the sheltering mantle of Protestant protection ! Above all, it was England, with her white cliffs, her verdant meads, her ‘mossed trees that had outlived the eagle ;’ her ocean breezes vocal with the language of Chaucer and Spencer, of Dryden and Shakspeare, and ‘all-accomplished Surrey ;’ the ‘royal throne’ of Alfred, and the sainted Edward ; the nursing land of chivalry ; of a 3d Edward, of a Black Prince, of the men of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the Nevilles, the

Chandos, the Staffords, the Cliffords, the Spencers, the Talbots—the men who sought the shock of nations as they did the fierce pastime of the tourney ;—who bowed in confession, and knelt at mass, and received their incarnate God, sheathed in the armor that might coffin their corpses ere the sun went down ; England, rich in monuments of the free jurisprudence of her early Catholic times—the works of her Bractons, her Brittons, her Fortescues ; rich in the monuments of her old Catholic charity—her churches, before which modern imitation sits down abashed and despairing, her cities of colleges, whose scholars once were armies ; richer in the virtues of her saints, her Becketts, her Mores, her Fishers, and the countless array whose names though unhonored on earth, are registered in the book of life, and whose blood pleads louder to heaven than the prayers of her Sibthorpes and her Spencers, for the return to Christian unity of the beautiful land it has made holy !”

[Mr. Read next approaches the splendid theme—which defies the eloquence of all the orators of Plymouth—Religious Liberty, which was proclaimed by these sufferers, as it were in Christian retaliation for the intolerance which England had exercised against them at home.]

“I have intimated that the age of the pilgrims was not prolific of incident ; but there was one—the crowning glory of the Calverts and of Maryland—the unprecedented legislative declaration of religious liberty ! Yet was this no more than the deliberate affirmance of a principle from which their generous practice had never departed. If there be a question on which the spontaneous impulses of the heart, and unprompted dictates of the understanding, are distinct and clear, it is that which regards the right of one man to control the religious belief or practice of another.—Yet there is none, perhaps, on which

mankind have more habitually erred from justice and humanity. It seems to afford at least one apt illustration, of the brilliant but delusive apophthegm of Rousseau—"when man begins to reason he ceases to feel."—Our earliest impressions of Divine intercourse with our race, are derived from the records of a theocracy; in which the sovereign of the universe promulgated his will in no ambiguous terms, and vindicated his violated ordinances, as well by the temporal sword, as by supernatural dispensations. Hence men have often imagined a warrant from on high, to compel obedience to what themselves believed to be their Maker's will!—Again, there is a comprehensive class of cases, in which it is of highest obligation to urge our personal convictions on our offspring, by all the sanctions of parental influence and authority; and, by an easy but deceptive analogy, have rulers assumed the keeping of the consciences of those whom they were pleased to consider in a state of pupilage—a principle which has already been insidiously advanced, and sometimes avowed with blundering bigotry, in our own still free and happy country! Yet further, in the beautiful harmony that pervades the moral as well as physical creation, the precepts which determine the relations of the creature to his Author, are discovered, on the most profound investigation, to be in strictest accordance with his earthly well being; and from this, the depositaries of temporal power have inferred, that, by enforcing what they conceived to be the dictates of religion, they were but promoting the best interests of the state.

Now if to these, which may be recognized as conscientious motives, we add the pride, the ambition, the cupidity, the revenge, the countless evil impulses that prompt the zealot to choke the argument he cannot answer in the dying gasp of his throttled ad-

versary—to shut him out by exile—to degrade him by disfranchisement—to seal his lips by ignorance—to pre-occupy by violence the open mind of youth; if we advert to the king craft, that in every age, and every land, has sought to subsidize the daughter of heaven to the service of earthly tyranny, can you wonder that, for sixteen centuries after our Lord proclaimed, that 'his kingdom was not of this world,' no solemn act of government was heard, declaring that men should not be molested for their religious belief, till the principle was proclaimed to an admiring universe, from the sacred spot where we now stand?

"It is true, my friends, that, throughout that weary lapse of time, conscience has struggled unremittingly for her rights. The apostles had repelled the injunction to silence, by the simple expostulation: 'We cannot but speak of the things that we have seen and heard.' A Tertullian had proclaimed: 'It is not of religion to constrain religion.' A council of Toledo had forbidden the use of violence to enforce belief, 'because,' say the venerable fathers in their mild decree, 'God shows mercy to whom he thinks fit, and hardens whom he chooses.' The church had defined her doctrines with precision, to meet the ever multiplying distinctions of the innovator, and denounced her spiritual censures against their presumption who should gainsay the decisions of that tribunal, which her Founder had indicated as 'the pillar and ground of truth;' but she felt, and has ever groaned under the calamities that ensue from her forced alliance with the state. She knew that it was not till human policy had borne it from its place in Shilo, that the ark of God was taken—though in captivity and contempt it could crush the pride of Dagon, and scourge its conquerors till themselves should clamor for its deliverance! She knew that

nine-tenths of the scandals that have wrecked so many souls, were the direct results of that insidious political control, which, under the specious pretext of protection, had clogged her discipline! Yet it was not till her children found themselves beyond the limits of regal prerogative, that they could spread the broad banner of religious liberty to the free winds of this Western world!

"Tell me not, in the beautiful fiction of the poet, of the pilgrims of Massachusetts:

They left untouched what here they found,
Freedom to worship God!"

Tell me not of the liberal principles of Roger Williams, under whose rule of near half a century at Providence, the Rhode Island ordinance excluded the Catholic from the franchises of his own asylum from Puritan persecution! Tell me not of the charity of Penn, who could rebuke his officers for toleration of the Catholic worship! No, my friends! let us, at least on this auspicious day, at least on this sacred soil of old St. Mary's—where sectarian prejudice should expire like the serpent on the holy sod of Erin—give utterance to the sentiments of truth and justice, and avow that the professors of that ill understood faith, so much denounced for its supposed intolerance, were the first to practice what others only professed; and that, while the Puritan of the East was persecuting the Catholic, the Churchman, the Antinomian, the Baptist and the harmless Friend—who, if his principles forbade co-operation in certain public offices, never raised the hand of resistance to those who took the legal commutation, and whose chief offence appears to have been, that, despairing to find truth in arbitrary and conflicting expositions of the sacred text, he thought to slake his gasping heart in the direct affusions of the Holy Ghost; while Winthrop was record-

ing his discontent at the 'open setting up of 'Mass' in Maryland; and the Law-established Church, in Virginia, was wielding the scourge of universal proscription,—the Catholic of Maryland alone was found, to open wide his door to the sufferer of every persuasion, in the sentiment (and with a kindred fate to her's) which the sweetest, the all but inspired poet of antiquity, has ascribed to the injured Dido:

'Myself an exile in a world unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own!'"

[On such an occasion, how could the orator omit referring, with becoming complacency, and patriotic exultation, to the distinguished and immortal names which live and shine in the history of Maryland. He pays them all a just and eloquent tribute—but especially that bright, particular one, who was left last on earth, after all the other signers of the Declaration of Independence had been gathered to the tomb.]

"It is time this protracted discourse should draw to a close. Mine is not a history, but a tribute to the virtues of the founders of Maryland. I am spared, therefore, the recital of very different transactions, when different principles from theirs obtained the ascendancy. Neither is it my more grateful task to follow your ancient State through her bright career of civil and military fame—the wisdom of her legislation—the ardent spirit of liberty that has ever characterized her people—her prompt and determined stand in resistance to British oppression—her soil unpolluted by the stamps—the deliberate, open, *undisguised* burning of the tea at Annapolis—her early call for a government based on the popular will, when the ties of affection to the parent state had been broken by unkindness—the firmness of her sons, marshalled by a Smallwood, a Williams, a Gist, a Howard, or a Smith, under every aspect of danger, and every form of privation, from the frozen plains of

Valley Forge, to the sweltry, high hills of Santee—while their bones were whitening every field of revolutionary glory, or her dashing Barney was guiding them to victory on the ocean! The talents—the learning—the patriotism—of her Chases, her Martins, her Dulanys, and Pinkneys—or the Wirts and Harpers whom adoption has made her own—these, and the thousand incidents that illustrate them, must be told in better terms than mine.

“But there was one, on whose lustrous character even I may venture, with friendship’s privilege, to dwell. I need not name that venerable model of the Christian, patriot, and gentleman, the relative of the first American archbishop, and his associate in the establishment and support of American liberty. I need not name the ardent youth, who, at a time when his religion disfranchised him in his native province, and the keenest arrow of his adversary—his own exclusion from the privileges he asserted for others—was snatched from his country’s quiver, engaged with all the energies of a vigorous and accomplished mind, in successful conflict with the legal dictator of his age, for the violated rights of that very country. I need not name the man who threw into the scale where the patriots of seventy-six staked ‘life and fortune and sacred honor,’ more brilliant earthly expectations than all perhaps beside him; and who lingered among us, an exemplar of their virtues, till the whole immortal band had passed away. He lived till the controversial title of ‘first citizen,’ by which the early gratitude of his admiring compatriots addressed him, was literally realized. Even he so much his junior, like whom

‘This earth that bears him dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman,’

the hero of Cowpens and Eutaw, who nourished with his blood the tree of

liberty that Carroll’s hand had helped to plant, and who upheld it, with strong arm and unwavering heart, when shaken rudest by the storm of war—the pride of the Maryland line had struck his tent, and gone forth on his march of eternity—and the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence was without a peer.

‘He lived, till age his brow with snows
Had crowned—but, like the Syrian hill,
Amid the waste of life he rose,
And verdure clasped his bosom still.’

May I be pardoned for stating, on such an occasion as this, that it was my privilege to stand beside the dying philanthropist, but a few short hours before his pure and gentle spirit was summoned from its crumbling tenement of clay? A valuable legacy had been left to him, in trust for the benevolent purposes of the American Colonization Society; and, though his dissolution was momentarily expected, and held the community in the most painful and affectionate suspense, it was judged important, from the peculiar circumstances of the bequest, that he should, if possible, execute an assignment to that corporation. The papers were prepared, and with three other gentlemen, I hastened to his hospitable mansion. Never can I forget the scene to which we were admitted. There half reclining sat the venerable man, supported by his devoted children. One gently fanned the flickering flame of life, and the other softly wiped away the damps of death that were settling on his brow. The ‘windows of the soul’ had closed forever on a world of vanity; but ‘the daughters of music’ were still wakeful to the tones of friendship and affection; and memory stood faithful to her jewelled trust, as kindly and courteously he returned the pressure of my hand. I read the deed in tones subdued to the measure of his failing strength. For the last time he traced on paper the sa-

cred sign; and when asked by the notary, 'do you acknowledge this sir, for your act and deed?' he answered, 'yes, sir, for the benefit of that society!' Fitting termination of a life of usefulness and benevolence! May his virtues descend with his honored name!"

CATULLUS.

THE GARDEN GOD PROTECTS ANOTHER VILLA, AND GUARDS IT FROM THIEVES.

I, once an oak-tree shaped by rural hands,
Protect this villa; and its marshy lands.
Where rushes once and worthless figs were found,
Now, by my care, luxuriant fruits abound.
For, me the master of this cot adores,
To me his child due supplication pours;
(Each at my feet, their grateful off'rings lay)
That from their plain, I'd clear these weeds away.
To me a wreath of various flow'rs they bring,
The first-born blossoms of the laughing spring:
The yellow violet, and the tender corn,
The smiling poppy, yellow as the morn:
The pallid gourd they lay before my shrine,
And grapes thick clustered on the verdant vine.
And (tell it not) full oft upon this plain,
To me a ram, and bearded goat, are slain.*
For which Priapus will protect from harm
This little villa and this little farm.
Beware, then, youth—your sacrilegious hand
Must not seek rapine on this humble land.
Yon farm is rich, its host a careless man,
Go thither, go—and plunder what you can.

HE FACETIOUSLY CONSOLES FURIUS IN HIS POVERTY.

Thou hast no cheerful fire or bed,
And scarce, my friend, an humble shed:
No servant and no glittering gold,
But poorly with thy parents old,

* A ram, or a goat, was not the usual victim offered to Priapus, but an ass.—Lest, therefore, this unusual offering should cause any sentiment of envy in the other gods, he artfully desires *you to keep it secret*. Vulpus imagines the reason why he wishes *you to keep it secret*, is, because on his feasts, obscene ceremonies were performed. But, had this really been the case, they certainly would have been publicly known; and, therefore, it would have been useless to say, *sed tacebitis*.

[Whose teeth, I'm sure, with ease might grind
 A rock, the hardest thou canst find.]
 Thou see'st retired, each cloudless day
 In peaceful quiet melt away.
 You cook your frugal meals, and fear
 No fires of rapine and of war.
 No deeds of blood, no poisoning foes,
 To which the wealth of towns expose.
 Are you not happy, then, and blest?
 No sweat is streaming from your breast.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Such blessings, friend, do not contemn,
 For many enjoy not even *them*!
 Beg no sestertia—let them rest:
 Without them you are more than blest.

TO FURIUS, WHO ASKED TO WHAT WIND HIS VILLA WAS EXPOSED.

My villa lies not to the west,
 Nor to the north, nor south, nor east;
 'Tis open to another wind*
 Of a more pestilential kind.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Come, boy, pour out a copious draught
 Of old Falernian, yet unquaffed.
 Yes, yes, Posthumia's drunken law†
 Bids you a brimful goblet draw.
 Begone ye streams that tarnish quite
 The lustre of the goblet bright;
 You shall not mix in bowls like mine:
 Begone—this is Thyonian wine.‡

TO VERANNUS AND FABULLUS, WHO FOLLOWED PISO INTO SPAIN,
 WITH NO PROFIT.

What, then! Verannus, wilt thou go?
 And thou, my fond Fabullus, too!

* This is a facetious manner of complaining of the heavy taxes which he had to pay for his villa; and that this is the object of Catullus, in these lines, is scarcely called in question by any critic.

† Posthumia was deemed the greatest drunkard of her age.

‡ Bacchus was called Thyoneus from Thyone his mother.

Will you with Piso still remain*
 Tho' all your hopes have proved in vain?
 What cold and hunger have ye borne,
 And what received you, in return?
 Alas! what *I* received before,
 With Memius, on Bythnia's shore.†
 Beware; leave not your native place,
 Or Rome shall name you with disgrace.

TO ALPHENUS.

Alphenus, heedless of thy fondest friend‡
 Can thy hard heart Catullus thus offend!
 Dost thou not blush, Alphenus, to betray,
 And thus deceive me in the face of day.
 When Fortune loved, *thou* too couldst feign to love:
 Such faithless deeds, the gods can ne'er approve.
 And who, since thou hast proved so base to me
 Will e'er repose his confidence in thee?
 I deemed thee faithful—for I was compelled:
 Thy words such glittering promises upheld.
 But now I know thee; and too late I find
 Thou art the sport of every changing wind.
 Tho' thou forget, the gods will not forget;
 And mark me, *Faith* will move thy bosom yet.§

* This seems to have been written to them when they intended to return to the service of Piso, or, at least, to continue in it, though they gained nothing but disgrace.

† Memius was prætor in Bythnia: Catullus seems not to have agrandized his fortune, by his expedition thither; and therefore wishes, by his own example, to persuade his two friends to remain at home. Catullus calls Piso, *Vappa*, which signifies literally, *sour wine*. Horace uses the same word, in opposition to *Avarus*.

‡ It seems Catullus had been the benefactor of Alphenus, who, as long as he was in good circumstances, remained his friend, but as soon as his fortune changed, Alphenus forsook him.

§ *Fides*. Her temple was near the capitol. The goddess of fidelity, friendship.

LETTER OF AN ITALIAN, &c.,

OR,

“LETTRE D'UN ITALIEN A UN FRANCAIS, sur les doctrines de M. de Laménais : Paris : Lagny Freres. 1841.

BY VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

THE unfortunate defection of Laménais has been the subject of many writings, but none in our opinion so just, though severe, as the one we undertake to review. It appears that some Italians in Paris expressed their approbation of the doctrines of Laménais, pretending them to be the common sentiment in Italy ; and this groundless assertion gave motive to Gioberti's letter, which he therefore presents as from an Italian to a Frenchman.

We shall not follow the author in his frequent digressions to attack, in an indirect and sarcastic manner, the principles of the republican government, and to praise monarchy ; for this would bring at once our journal into the field of politics : but we cannot but pity him when he tells us (page 56) that *he would rather live in Constantinople than in Richmond, Virginia*. The poor man has never been in either place, and is guided by his imagination. However, in matters of taste, he has a right to prefer his own.

Our observations will be in regard to Laménais and his system. As to Gioberti's new ideological doctrine, which he rather insinuates than explains in one of his digressions, we shall take it into consideration after perusing his work he refers to, namely, *Introduzione allo studio della Filosofia*. We must, however, candidly confess, that as far as it is explained in the letter we review, it appears to us an extraordinary and dangerous absurdity.

Had the friends of the author of the *Essai sur l'indifférence dans matier*

de Religion been more prudent in exaggerating his real talents, and less deceitful as to the fiction of those which he does not possess, he would never have written the “*Esquisse*,” but such is our corrupted nature, that flattery always finds its way to our hearts and chains it completely. The efforts to destroy, generally are the results of the love of fame ; for nothing brings more a man into notice than the destruction of long venerated objects. Hence we find that heresies have almost invariably been the offsprings of disappointed pride. When a proud man cannot be conspicuous enough in an ordinary way, he tries an extraordinary one ; and the easiest is to bring into doubt the most conspicuous and well established doctrines. The history of impiety presents a striking example of this truth in the case of Rousseau, when he resolved to write against the arts and sciences as injurious to mankind, only because the mischievous Duclos thought proper to advise him to defend the negative in the programme proposed by the Academy of Dijon—“Whether the sciences are beneficial to society.” It was enough to decide Rousseau to abandon the affirmative, which he was determined to sustain, and to become an enemy of learning, the simple observation made by Duclos, that all the other writers would certainly support the affirmative ; but as to the negative, its defender would positively call the attention for its singularity.

The case is very similar with La-

menais. He could not any longer call the attention in an *exclusive* manner, only by his eloquence, and therefore he resorted to other means, without taking much notice of their nature. The learned author of the letter which we are reviewing describes very well the character of Laménais, by saying that "he unfortunately belongs to a class of writers, which is very numerous in our days, who think that the art of writing can supply the want of science, and that a writer ought to think more of striking hardly, than of striking justly. This is the cause of wanderings of every kind; this is the cause of his incapacity of judging properly of men and of things, of distinguishing the realities from the chimeras, and the real plans from the fictions; this is the cause of his continual and wonderful changes, which have so often afflicted his admirers and his disciples."

The author agrees with us as to the resemblance of Laménais to Rousseau, which he expresses in the following terms: "His test for paradoxical ideas, which makes him resemble Rousseau in a singular manner, is not favorable to him in the opinion of sound minds. The men of *paradoxes* can easily call the attention of their age, attract the multitude, and acquire a fame more rapid than durable, which only has the appearance of true glory—they can produce an immense evil, and destroy *in grand*; but they are powerless, as to create. The cause of this feebleness, concealed under different appearance, is, that they have not the real power—the creating power—which can only be found in the truth."

We cannot praise too much the sound judgment which the author evinces in this passage. A paradox is nothing but a proof of ignorance, for a known truth cannot but be plain and decided. The paradoxical notions can never satisfy the mind, although they may keep it in constant operation,

with the view of satisfying curiosity. Leibnitz and Malebranche have left us melancholy specimens of the evils of paradoxes, when become a system; for there can be nothing so ridiculous and dangerous. Their brilliant talents, and profound knowledge of the sciences, produce but very little, at least comparatively, to what should be expected from them, in the real advancement of the sciences; for their writings are the most scientific.

The parallel between Rousseau and Laménais is continued by the writer in the most striking manner. He presents them both as turning the heads of females and young people; making vice attractive, while he pretends to preach virtue; and destroying faith, while he pretends to ground liberty. Unfortunately, experience proves that there is no severity in this remark; for we have seen persons of every description led away by the eloquence of Laménais, not less than formerly were many by that of Rousseau. It is, however, consoling to the lovers of truth, to observe that both have met with the same fate; that is, with applause for their talents, and contempt for their errors.

However, observes our author, Laménais possesses not that power that seizes the object altogether, and presents it with precision, and in all its colors. He has not the true richness of thoughts, and therefore he tries to be rich in images and figures of rhetoric, in order to conceal his real want of intellectual power. For this reason he will never form a true school, because, in the sphere of error, true force is wanted, and the sophism will never supply truth. A *melange* of true and false, of discovery and negation, thrown in the same mould by a powerful, but led astray imagination, constitutes, as the author observes, the *genius* of an innovator and destroyer, which is the most terrible of all. I do not know any of the modern philosophers to whom this

can be better applied than to Spinoza, Kent, and Hegel; that is, to the *triumvirate* of the rational heterodoxy, produced by *cartesianism*.

I do not number Hume among these men who made ravages in the empire of intelligence, because he is, by far, too *negative*. A sceptic will never do any thing, for he will be unable to leave his errors after him—the ruins are not rebuilt. The most that a sceptic can do, is to prepare the way to a dogmatic error; that is, to an error mixed with truth, taken possession of all the beauties which are predominant, and this constitutes the essence of *positive* heterodoxy.—Such was the *role* of the English writer, Son of Locke, and grandson of Descartes; gave birth to Kant, a moderate sceptic, a demi-dogmatist, author of a marvellous system, by the confusion of different elements, from which has emanated the German Pantheism.* We perfectly agree with the author in this remark; and were it not because the nature of a review does not allow us to expatiate on the subject of the fanatical doctrine of Kant, we would devote some of our pages to prove the justice of the observation.*

Whatever may be the severity of the observations upon Laménais, it must be confessed that his doctrines, if not his mind, are somewhat in favor of Pantheism, although he proclaims to detest it. "This phenomenon," says Gioberti, "is not astonishing in an age when we find so many Pantheists against their will; and what is more curious, some Pantheists who refute Pantheism. Every body notwithstanding is afraid of this horrible system, and the greatest part of the philosophers profess it, either with proper knowledge, or against their will. Observe the efforts of

Cousin, to keep off from it; but he exerts himself in vain, for he must pass through it. I speak of his first works; because it is to be hoped, that a man of such great talent, and noble character, will have already altered the opinions of his youth. This phenomenon, which in the most absurd system presents the most ancient theory, and the most extensive, except the true orthodoxy, is originated from the necessity of falling into Pantheism, as soon as we refuse to hear the exterior divine word. . . . We can properly say that Pantheism has been the only philosophical error in the world, and the parent of all heresies.

After the admirable work of Maret, "Essai sur le Pantheisme, dans les Sociétés Modernes," very little can be said on the subject; for he has evidently demonstrated that all these philosophical mysticisms which Germany sends forth, is nothing else but a real Pantheism, which, with the appearance of spirituality, brings God himself to be identified with the material world. No sooner do we deviate from those natural sources that guide mankind into the knowledge of nature, and those divine truths, only obtained by Revelation, we necessarily fall into materialism, which, being detestable, produces a horror; and a man tries to disguise his own sentiments to make them pleasing to himself by the admission of words which may sound as spiritualism, but are very far from corresponding to the real notion of the mind.

As to the system of Laménais, we may properly apply to it the well-known expression, *pessima est corruptio optimi*—that is, the corruption of the best is the worse. The *common consent*, or the voice of humanity in the *general consent* of all mankind, has been and shall be considered by all philosophers and divines as one of *motives*, or fundamental principles of certitude; but Laménais would have

* In our next we will present Kant and his system in the view they appear to us.

it to be the *only one*, thus corrupting and turning into poison the most salutary doctrine. He thinks that our senses cannot be a source of certitude, because *every one of them takes part in abusing us by vain illusions, and they convince each other of imposture*. Who would believe that such a man as Laménais would present with so much confidence an argument that every beginner in the study of logic can answer, for it is answered in all the elementary works? He should be the last in using such an argument, which certainly would destroy all his system, because we could also say that *every man takes part in abusing us by vain illusions, and they convince each other of imposture*, and therefore the common consent or common opinion of mankind cannot be a source of certitude. Although our senses are subject to error, whenever all of them, or at least those which can perceive the object, agree upon it, their combined testimony produces *evidence*, and their individual fallibility, far from diminishing, increases the value of the testimony, because the very difficulty in agreeing gives more power to the agreement when it takes place. We reason in the same manner as to the common consent, or universal testimony of mankind.

It is laughable, indeed, to read the emphatic sentences of Laménais, who, when pretending a great knowledge of ideology, speaks as Pyrrho would, and says, "What is it to feel? Who knows it? Am I certain that I feel? What proof have I of my sensation? . . . The *Yes* and *No* have their resemblance, and he who will demonstrate that the whole life is nothing but a dream, and an undefinable chimera, would certainly do more than the philosophers have yet done." We should think that Laménais was really sleeping, or in a state of somnambulism, when he wrote the above. We wish him perfect health, but should he suffer any pain,

his doctor could joke with him, and treat him just as Piron was treated, when it happened that he broke his leg, and the doctor, in order to show him how ridiculous was his system, told him, "Perhaps your leg is not broke; perhaps you have no pain; perhaps you have no leg; perhaps I am not here, and you do not talk to me." At last the patient told him, "Cure me, Doctor, and we will dispute afterwards!"

Laménais does not admit the sentiment of evidence as a rule of certitude, because we may find false tomorrow what we believe to be true to-day, "and we are not more sure of our sentiments than we are of our sensations, and our *being* escapes, and we cannot retain it. We think proper to say, 'I judge,' and to say, 'I am;' but we remain in our eternal impotence to demonstrate that we judge, and that we are—so much pressed are we on every side by the *nothing*." After reading these words, nothing can be said but that if there were mad-houses for philosophers, Laménais would be justly entitled to a place in any of them.

The general of the Jesuits issued an order in 1827, forbidding the members of that society to teach any of Laménais' errors; which he expressed, in a few words, as follows:

"1st. There is no other criterion of truth but the common consent.

2d. Only faith produces certitude.

3d. The existence of God is the first truth we certainly know.

4th. The existence of a contingent being cannot be inferred from the existence of the necessary Being, that is God: for it is incorrect reasoning to say 'I exist—hence God exists.'

5th. A limited intellect, by the very reason of being limited, is always and upon every subject exposed to error.

6th. There have prevailed false systems in the Christian schools, which

tend to atheism, and destruction of religion.

7th. A man, without the common consent, cannot be certain of his existence, and of his thoughts."

In 1832, thirteen Bishops of France extracted fifty-six propositions from the works of Laménais, equally objectionable, and requested the condemnation of them from the Holy See; and in 1834 his Holiness, Gregory XVI., in his Enclyetic concerning the work of Laménais, entitled "*The words of a Believer*," expressly reprovcs and condemns his system. Therefore a formula of oath has been issued, to be taken by every individual in Italy, before his ordination, admitting and obeying the Enclyetic of Gregory XVI., and reprovng this new system of philosophy.—See *Institutiones Philosophical*, auctore J. B. Bouvier : p. 198.

We close this review with an obvious and simple observation, which in our opinion shows the justice of Gioberti's criticism, and the incorrectness of the system of Laménais.—The *common consent* cannot be our *rule* unless we know it. But how do we know it? Surely by *hearing* or *reading*. Hence, that knowledge comes from the senses. If no knowledge acquired from the senses can be *evidently true*, as Laménais asserts, where is then the value of the *common consent* of men? If we cannot be evidently sure that we hear, and that we read, what is the use of hearing or reading. One truth never destroys another, and therefore the true philosophy teaches that from the testimony of the senses we can come to the knowledge of truth, and also from the common consent, and some other sources.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Poiche l'alto decreto in ciel si scrisse,
Che in croce un Dio l'alma spirasse un giorno
Tremo natura * * * ZAMPIERI.

FORTUNATELY for Elizabeth, not a word was introduced at dinner concerning religion. The Colonel was full of anecdote, and had passed through scenes of extraordinary interest, on which he loved to converse and comment. Few men possessed more of genuine patriotism, than animated his bosom in days of contest and danger. He had distinguished himself on more than one occasion,

when rushing to battle by the side of the immortal Father of his country, the sage and patriot of Vernon.—There was but one thing wanting to perfect him, and that was faith, of which he had not the least idea: and any thing like religious disputation, he not only avoided, but, to use his own language, detested.

After dinner, Mrs. Preston proposed to the visitors and her daughters, to take a ride. The Colonel excused himself on account of some business, which could not conveniently be deferred. The rest cheerfully accepted the invitation. Elizabeth, in order to

have an opportunity of continuing her disquisitions, proposed to Mr. Clermont to ride on horseback, "and Paulina," she remarked, "will accompany us."

"I am exceedingly fond of the horse, dear Miss," he returned, "and Paulina is well skilled in horsemanship."

Mrs. Preston, Caroline, Emilie, and Constantia, agreed to take the carriage. In a short time the horses were at the door, and the carriage ready, and they started off with speed. The road which they chose, was among the most beautiful that can be seen. Stretching with a circuitous sweep, along the winding borders of the bay, lined on either side by spreading trees—the willow, the sycamore, the poplar—sometimes clustering together with their twining branches, sometimes opening towards the waters a delightful vista, through which the eye may range over a beautiful prospect—catching, one while, a view of the majestic ship, ploughing, "like a thing in life," the subject brine, and leaving behind a track of foam, eddying on the troubled surface. Another while, the little schooner, scudding on her side, like a water-fowl, drinking in, as it were, the dashing spray, and exulting in her speed. Sometimes the gull is seen skimming over the waves, and dipping his wings in the waters—screaming in triumph, as he mounts with the wind and pounces on his pinions—at other times, the rolling porpoise rises from the abyss, spouting out a cataract, and dashing in mighty sport through the waters. For the distance of about two miles, such was the description of the road they were then pursuing. It then suddenly takes off into the country, and loses entirely the prospect of the bay.

The carriage rattled along with great velocity, and had got out of sight of Mr. Clermont and the ladies on horseback, who rode forward with a more tardy pace, deeply engaged in their religious investigations.

"Since your conversation with mamma before dinner, Mr. Clermont, I have written a few lines to Virginia Wolburn, which I wish you to read," observed Elizabeth.

"You perceived," replied Charles, "how, after having nothing to reply to my arguments, your mother persisted in the determination of opposing the Catholic doctrines, at any rate."

"I saw it with deep regret, dear Mr. Clermont: mamma's heart is pure and unprejudiced in all things with this one exception—she cannot endure Catholicism."

"It has often been my fate to be acquainted with ladies in whom was blended every gentle and tender affection and sympathy for their fellow-beings—but, by a strange anomaly, bitter and intolerant against the members of our church. I will read your letter to Miss Virginia with great delight, and you honor me much by submitting it to me."

"Dear Virginia,

"I steal a moment, from my domestic affairs, to inform you that Mr. Clermont and his sisters are at the Hall, and that, conformably with your advice, I have entered on a serious examination of the principal topics connected with religion. Mamma has not yet begun to suspect me, though it was with difficulty that I could restrain myself this morning, when she fell into an argument on the subject. I am more and more convinced, that Unitarianism has no ground to repose on, and that there can be no medium between it and the Catholic Church. Admit the Divinity of Christ, and I am without a doubt that Protestantism must give way. For I see plainly that the Catholic Church was established by CHRIST; and since he gave his solemn promise, that the gates of hell should not prevail against her, it could never have stood in need of the intervention of Protestantism. My dear Virginia, I have a thousand

things to say, but I must take another opportunity to do so. Pray for me, that I may have grace to overcome all the difficulties which I anticipate.

ELIZABETH PRESTON."

"I highly approve of your sentiments, Miss Elizabeth," said Charles, presenting the letter. "Paulina, I am sure you are pleased with it."

"Extremely delighted," said Paulina, "that Elizabeth has discovered the truth, and is not afraid to acknowledge it."

"Your remark, that there can be no medium between Unitarianism and Catholicity, is perfectly correct," added Charles, "and I have heard many Unitarians make the same acknowledgment."

"I think I heard the Reverend Mr. Alton, their minister, make the same concession," said Elizabeth; "but mamma strenuously contends that the Catholics are wrong, *at any rate*."

"And Caroline has frequently affirmed, that she *cannot see how any reasonable person can embrace Catholicity*,"* added Paulina.

"She does not reflect," said Charles, "that some of the most reasonable and best educated among Protestants and Unitarians have, after mature investigation, and jealous inquiry, joined the holy Catholic Church; and most fervently do I pray that it will not be long before another will be added to that number."

Elizabeth wept, and for a time was silent. "I am confident," she then said, "that when my change is made public, it will be said of me, too, that *I have lost my reason*. But I heed not—Mr. Clermont, let us continue the subject where we left off this morning. I will do my duty."

* This remark was actually made by an otherwise very sensible and refined lady. Well educated Catholics, in reply, beg leave to state, that they cannot see how any *sensible* person could make such an observation.

"We examined the doctrine of the Trinity," said Charles; "we will now consider the great question—the divinity of Christ."

"You have your author with you, Charles, I hope," said Paulina.

"Rest satisfied, Paulina, that I would not leave him behind."

"You have ventured to the field," she added, smiling; "do not forget your arms."

About a mile from the road, on the farm of Col. Preston, there was a beautiful elevation of ground, which was hemmed in with a deep and towering forest—a limpid stream purled at its feet, and gurgled over a gravelly bed, gently winding about it, until it gradually stole away among the underwood, and descended into a neighboring creek. The situation of this place was so rural, so quiet, so retired, that the Colonel had erected on it a handsome summer-house, to which he occasionally repaired to read in solitude, converse with the muses, or to enjoy the loveliness and freshness of the vernal evenings. To this spot, Elizabeth proposed they should ride, and there, undisturbed and at leisure, prosecute the important topic now under consideration. On reaching it, they dismounted and took their seats in the summer-house, which was covered with vines and wild flowers.

"There wild flowers, in the vernal sun, Mixed with the vine their beauteous leaves."

"Let us here, in this calm retreat, resume the divinity of Christ, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth. "I should wish to be informed what was revealed to the Jews on this fundamental topic."

"My author is quite satisfactory on this point;" and opening his book, he read thus:—"Many particulars relating to Christ were revealed to the people of God. First, that he was to be born of the seed of Abraham. Secondly, that he was to be of the family of David. Thirdly, that he

was to be born of a virgin. Fourthly, that he was to be born in Bethlehem. Fifthly, the time of his birth is specified. Sixthly, that he was to preach the gospel of salvation and peace. Seventhly, that he was to work miracles. Eighthly, that he was to redeem mankind, and to die for their redemption. Ninthly, that he was to descend to hell, and to rise on the third day. Tenthly, that he was to ascend into heaven. Eleventhly, that he was to sit at the right hand of God. Twelfthly, that he was to send the Holy Ghost; and finally, that he is to judge the living and the dead; and all and each of these predictions have been literally accomplished in Christ, as the Messiah and son of God, so perfectly, that it would appear that the prophets were relating what had already occurred, and not predicting what was to come to pass after so many succeeding ages."

"Elizabeth would like to hear the texts cited at large, Charles; would you not, Elizabeth?" asked Paulina.

"If it be convenient for Mr. Clermont to cite them, it would afford me much satisfaction."

"They are given at length in the notes by my author, and it will be a pleasure for me to read them to you."

"Then, Charles, who foretold that Christ was to be of the seed of Abraham?"

"We find in the book of Genesis* the following passage," replied Charles. "And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven, the second time, and said: By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; that in blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying, I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies: and

in thy seed shall ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH BE BLESSED."

"This is intelligible to every capacity; it needs no comment. I will now quote the passage, showing that Christ was to be of the family of David."

"This fact is evidently marked by the prophet Jeremiah:† 'Behold the days come,' exclaims that prophet, 'that I will RAISE UNTO DAVID a righteous branch, and king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice on the earth. In his days, Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is the name whereby he shall be called, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.'"

"He is to be called our LORD," added Charles, with an emphasis; "consequently he is to be divine, and we are not at liberty to doubt it."

"Our Unitarian friends pass very lightly over these prophecies, Miss Preston," continued Charles, "and dwell altogether on those parts of the Scripture that speak of his humanity."

"It is strange—astonishing," sighed Elizabeth, "that they will not reason. But you stated in the third place that he was to be born of a virgin.—Be kind enough to cite the text, Mr. Clermont."

"It is taken from Isaiah," returned Charles:‡ 'Therefore, the Lord himself will give you a sign: behold A VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.' "We know how beautifully Pope has sung of the birth of Christ, in his *Pollio*. He calls upon the nymphs of Solyma to proclaim the prediction of Isaiah:

"A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son."

"The place of his birth, obscure as it is, was pointed out by the prophet Micheas, in these unequivocal terms:§

† Chap. 21, verses 5 and 6.

‡ Chap. 7, verse 14.

§ Chap. 5, verse 2.

* Chap. 22, verses 15, 16, 17, 18.

‘But thou BETHLEHEM-Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of THEE shall He come forth unto me, that is to be the Ruler in Israel, whose going forth is from the days of eternity.’”

“How strikingly is not the Divinity of that Ruler portrayed,” observed Paulina.

“Certainly there can be no subterfuge here, it would appear to me,” said Elizabeth—“the Ruler is to go forth from Bethlehem, and that Ruler is from ETERNITY. Who is from eternity but God?”

“I am at a loss to know how our Unitarian friends can surmount this difficulty,” said Charles, “but they will explain it away, no doubt, with their wonted subterfuge. Nevertheless, though they may shut their eyes to the light, still will that light continue to beam undimmed upon the unprejudiced mind. The epoch of his birth was distinctly noted in Genesis, by Daniel, and by Aggæus. I will read the passages:

“From Genesis:* ‘The sceptre shall not depart from Judah....until Shiloh come: and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.’

“From Daniel:† ‘Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness....know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto the MESSIAH the PRINCE, shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks....and after threescore and two weeks, shall the Messiah be cut off, but not for himself....’”

“Alas!” sighed Elizabeth, “it was not for himself that he died—it was for ungrateful man!”

“And after all his sufferings,” ad-

ded Charles, “thousands refuse to acknowledge him, as he really was, millions do not profit by his atonement, and millions are ashamed of his Cross.”

“He has, however, his true followers, who believe in him, and serve him in spirit and in truth—and oh! that I may be one of them!” said Elizabeth, with intense feeling and earnestness.

“Almighty God has chosen you, dear Elizabeth,” said Paulina; but tears bursting from her eyes, prevented her from concluding the sentence. Charles, perceiving how deeply she was affected, hastened to produce the text from Aggæus:‡ “And I will shake the nations, and the DESIRE OF NATIONS SHALL COME, and I will fill his house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

“The subversion of Paganism,” said Elizabeth, “was a glory which none but a Divine Being could have procured of his own power.”

“You are correct, Elizabeth,” said Paulina, “the establishment of the Christian religion on the ruins of the prejudices, follies and deities of idolatry, proves the Divinity of Christ.”

“He has substituted himself,” added Charles, “in the place of the false gods; but, if he be not God, he has only changed the object of the world’s idolatry, and covered with a deeper and more formidable gloom the face of the earth.”

“This appears to me,” said Elizabeth, “perfectly conclusive and unanswerable—since he has been adored as God by almost all the nations of the world.”

“Yes, every knee must bend at his mere name,” said Charles, “according to the language of St. Paul; ‘at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bend on earth, in heaven, and in hell!’ But if he be not God, then shall every knee be bent in idolatry; for, to bend the knee *in adoration* to a creature, is

* Chap. 49, verse 10.

† Chap. 9, verse 24, 25, 26.

‡ Chap. 2, verse 7.

doing that which Paganism performed, and to destroy which, the second person of the Trinity assumed the nature of man. Of course, if Jesus is not Divine, he has led his followers into the darkest idolatry—and his birth, instead of giving glory to God, as the angel proclaimed it would, has derogated, in an essential degree, from his glory, and infringed his attributes: and in this case, the Almighty could not have given any demonstration of regard for Christ, nor any token of approbation towards him. He could not have arrayed Mount Thabor in light and awe, and proclaimed from the midst of the splendors that enveloped its hallowed brow: ‘this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.’ ”

“Your argument is new to me, Mr. Clermont,” said Elizabeth, “and very striking. For there can be no doubt, that Christ did give himself out as the Son of God, and as equal to the Father; and consequently, if he had not been the Son of God, or equal to the Father, he would have been an imposter.”

“We must come to that conclusion at last,” insisted Charles; “everything shows that he was either Divine or an imposter; and you will be more intimately convinced that there is no alternative, the further we proceed in our proofs.”

“You observed, Charles, that it was foretold that Christ was to preach the gospel of salvation and peace,” said Paulina; “what prophet has predicted this?”

“The prophet Isaiah.”

“Favor us with the quotation.”

“In his sixty-first chapter, speaking in the name of the expected Messiah, whose office is announced, Isaiah exclaims: ‘The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach *good tidings to the meek*; he hath sent me to bind the broken-hearted, to *proclaim liberty to the captive*.....’ ”

Euphrasia must have had this passage in view, when she wrote these lines,” said Paulina:

“The light of salvation, enkindled in Heaven,
Throws its lustre around thro’ this valley of life:
Oh! it cheers with that lustre the heart that’s forgiven,
And chases forever the darkness of strife.

Peace, peace to the heart where that light hath arisen;
Like the day-beam of hope, or the peace-star of even,
Dispelling the shades of despair from life’s prison,
Or shedding the beautiful twilight of Heaven.”

“Very sweet, indeed, Paulina, are those lines of Euphrasia,” said Elizabeth. “Full of feeling and piety, and poetry.”

“There is a charm in good, religious poetry,” said Charles, “which, like music, melts the heart, and elevates the mind. Yes, if music dwell among the inmates of the heavenly spheres for ever, divine poetry, her sister, will be with her. You remember how beautifully the Royal Prophet invites mankind to sing the praises of God, on the harp and other instruments: ‘Praise him with the sound of the trumpet,’ exclaims David;* ‘praise him with the psaltery and harp: praise him with the timbrel and dance; praise him with stringed instruments and organs; praise him with the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.’ ”

* Ps. 50—3, 4, 5.

ORATION,

DELIVERED ON THE FOURTH JULY, IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
AT ANNAPOLIS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.
Then Chaplain to the Senate of U. S.

———"Non hæc sine numine Divum
Eveniunt, * * * * *
Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque
laborum,
Et documenta damus, qua simus origine
nati."

OVID. METAPH. LIB. I. 414.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Perfectly alive to the distinction which the committee of arrangements have been pleased to bestow on me, and surrounded with scenes with which the most hallowed associations are connected, I rise on this solemn occasion, to comply with their unanimous request. It is the first time that I have ever been called upon to address my fellow-citizens on such an occasion; and I, at first, hesitated, whether or not I should accept their invitation on the present: but a sense of gratitude—apart from any other consideration—not the hope of answering the high expectations which they were pleased to anticipate from any attempt of mine, has induced me to acquiesce in their emphatic invitation. Indeed, the subject has been so often and so variously treated—all the philosophy, political science, historic information and eloquence, of the ablest statesmen, orators and diplomatists, have been so entirely exhausted on the topic which the return of this glorious day brings forth, that I know not what remains to be said, that can at all be worthy the attention of this numerous assembly.

The city, in which I am called upon to address you, has within itself every thing to awaken, without the aid of oratory, the most intense attention. If the very walls of the Roman senate house could speak, (as Tully affirmed, in one of his most powerful orations), certainly the walls of this state house, whose dome rises in majesty over the hills and the waters—this edifice, in which the father of his country resigned his office, and from which he retired like the Roman ploughman into the shades of his farm—this venerable edifice, that once embraced within its walls the saviour of these colonies, and the immortal men who were his associates in the mighty cause of FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE; this hoary edifice, I say, must speak language to the mind, to which words cannot give utterance.

This city, the birth-place of the "last of the signers," where he lived in the brilliant simplicity of a philosopher, and a patriot, whose antique mansion, which once opened its doors in elegant hospitality and splendid welcome, still stands, looking down on the limpid waters, a memorial of by-gone times—a monument to posterity. This city—Annapolis the beautiful, the true—in silent eloquence, addresses your hearts with a spell, which my words cannot convey to your ears. Annapolis,

* * * * my own native place,
With her white spires high peering o'er
the trees,

Sitting upon the waters with a grace
And loveliness that cannot fail to please
The stranger, as the zephyrs waft him
near

The beauteous village.

We have then assembled here to commemorate the anniversary of that momentous day, on which the representatives of our forefathers, in congress assembled, declared these colonies free and independent, and affixed their names to the celebrated instrument of our independence. If it was customary for the Roman youths, male and female, to join in the song of the *carmen secularare*—if their mingled voices pealed the joyous strain which the genius of Horace has immortalized, with what national enthusiasm should we not meet on this festive day, to celebrate that mighty event which gave birth to a free people, created a new nation, established a government of the most flourishing and glorious character, and solved, to the entire conviction of the world, the problem, whether or not a pure and unmixed republic could be established among an oppressed and persecuted people. Yes! that problem has had its full solution: the colonies over which the yoke of tyranny had been thrown, whose hands, though young and robust had been manacled in slavery, arose in their strength, indignantly trampled that yoke to the ground and burst in their might and vigor from the galling fetters. With the simple sling in his hand, the genius of liberty stood forth in the field against the arms of the Goliath of oppression; and the pebble which he aimed, stretched the giant, with all his panoply and armour, upon the plain. The enemies of freedom beheld the catastrophe with awe and apprehension—the country, from whose despotism the colonies had achieved their rescue and independence, awoke from her deep lethargy, sounded the

tocsin of war, and vowed to sweep, like a hurricane, over the plains and mountains of our country. But on every plain, liberty had erected her altar; on every hill, firm as the oak that clasped their roots on its summits, liberty had built her fortress; the sons of the forest rushed to arms; the children of the fields converted their ploughshares into swords, the shrine of independence was surrounded by a thousand Hamilcars led by their fathers to vow perpetual opposition to the injustice and cruelty of the mother country. In the language of the poet of the seasons:

“Heroes then arose,
Who scorning coward self, for *others*
lived,
Toiled for *their* ease and for their safety bled.”

Yes, they lived for their posterity, toiled for their posterity, bled for their posterity. For us they lived, for us they toiled, for us they bled. We, at this day, are enjoying the blessings which they won, and which their wisdom and prudence have transmitted to us. And what did they not endure, to what miseries did they not subject themselves, to what a fate did they not become exposed, in order to accomplish their magnanimous designs, to rescue a nation from bondage, and to give liberty and happiness to their children's children! Who, in recurring to those days of disaster, who, that is in the least conversant with the history of our revolution, who, though he be as hardy as the warrior Ulysses, could smother his astonishment, suppress his enthusiasm:

“Quis talia fando
Mymidonum Dolopumve, aut duri miles
Ulyssei
Temperet a lacrymis.”

It is not my intention—it has been more vividly and powerfully done, on similar occasions—to rehearse the dangers, sufferings and privations, to which our generous forefathers submitted, in order to insure for us the

priceless boon which we now inherit. *Theirs* was the labor, *ours* the enjoyment—they planted the tree of liberty, watered it with their sweat, defended it with their lives; we are reposing under its shade, and feasting on its fruit. Washington, like Moses, struck asunder the chains of bondage; the patriots of the revolution, followed him through the desert; under the guidance of Heaven, the land of promise was opened to their view; we are sitting under the fig-tree, and partaking of the milk and honey. What should be our admiration of those devoted, those disinterested, those noble men, who either died on the field of glory, at the foot of their country's shrine, or else, by their manly resistance to the dominion of England, exposed themselves, if unsuccessful, to the most ignominious destiny. But it was their country they were defending; her privileges they were vindicating; her majesty they were avenging: they were prepared for the worst—they felt the *dulce* and *decorum* of dying, in her sacred cause—and appealing to the world, and to that eternal Being who holds in his hands the fate of empires, for the purity, sincerity and sanctity of their motives, they threw off all connexion with the mother country, and formed a republic of the freest character, for themselves, and for their posterity. How grateful to God should we not also be, for that manifest protection which he has extended to our country? spreading over her hills the wings of his providence, and covering her vales with the ægis of his power.—Smiling down in mercy, through gloom and adversity; supporting our cause in the hour of despondency and danger; filling our fields with abundance; causing prosperity to smile in every quarter. Like the captive daughter of Sion, on the borders of the dark rivers of Egypt, the genius of America was once in slavery: the yoke was upon her neck; the fetters

were on her hands; and she sat in sorrow and lamentation in the land of captivity. On the willow, her harp, unstrung and tuneless, was suspended in darkness and in silence: but that yoke has been removed; those fetters are broken asunder; her harp is strung anew, and all its notes are given to song and gladness. Our country, from the most enslaved and degraded, became, through the valor, wisdom and patriotism, of her generous sons, the most free and glorious, among the nations of the earth.

If ever there was a just cause for a people to rise against their rulers, to struggle against oppression, and to assume a stand of defiance, in the field and in their councils, the colonies had that cause.—The fierce spirit of tyranny breathed through all the legislation of Great Britain, towards our country. Her grievances were numerous, disgraceful, insufferable. I shall not stop to enumerate them; they were admitted by the greatest statesmen in the British Cabinet, they were described by the eloquence of the greatest orators in the British Senate. The mighty mind of Chatham beheld them as they existed, and anticipated the result of them. With the thunders of his eloquence he shook the walls of that Senate, and the stoutest hearts of the ministry. “Illegal violences,” he said, “were committed in America. The resistance to an arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen: it was obvious from the nature of things and of mankind. The spirit which resisted taxation in America,” he continued, “is the same which formerly opposed, and with success opposed, loans and ship money in England—the same spirit which called all England on her legs, and by the bill of rights, vindicated the British constitution.” And was it to be supposed that our forefathers, in the simplicity of whose lives was found the simplicity of virtue, the integrity and courage of free-

dom; "those true genuine sons of the earth," as they were styled by Lord Chatham, would do otherwise than resist, and could be otherwise than invincible? They were not ordinary men; they did not, with blind fanaticism, rush forward, without well considering what they were risking, and what they were undertaking—without being fully convinced of the magnitude, peril, and importance of the object for which they contended, and maturely prepared for the disastrous consequences which would have followed a failure and a defeat. But that object was a sacred one—it was one that gives elevation, loftiness, daring to the heart; energy, power, perseverance to the soul: their object was to give freedom, and with freedom independence, and dignity, and safety to their country: to secure for their children peace, happiness, prosperity: to light up their domestic hearths with the Promethean fires of comfort, founded on the principles of equality; and on the ruins of the idols of slavery and oppression, to erect the temple of Liberty and Independence.

Yes, the result has proved what was admitted by the Earl of Chatham, that the men who engaged in this noble, this hallowed cause, were stamped with extraordinary characteristics, adorned with extraordinary virtues, and not inferior to the most famous personages in ancient times. "When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted from America," exclaimed Lord Chatham, "when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause: for myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that for solidity and reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of different circumstan-

ces, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia." What an eulogy this of the first representatives of our colonies, of the fathers of American liberty! What a panegyric from one whom England boasts of, as the Demosthenes of her Senate! What a picture of the character, purpose, and wisdom of those rare men, who assembled to consult for the welfare, and vindicate the rights, of their country! Any eloquence of modern eulogy must fall far short of that pronounced by the loftiest aristocrat, and most tremendous orator of the British nation, in favor of the handful of devoted patriots who drew up that splendid instrument which was read—and so gracefully read—this day, and which, as a state paper, as a diplomatic composition, can vie with any production that had before, or has since, emanated from the united wisdom and virtue of any ancient or modern nation. Of those extraordinary personages who signed that glorious instrument, and whose names are now held up to the world as lights and ornaments, shedding brilliancy on the firmament of fame, and glory on the horizon of immortality, one was born, the other adopted, in the city in which we are now commemorating their virtues—and their voices, which now have been stilled by the grave, once resounded through the halls of this edifice! Carroll and Chase! sons of Annapolis! the genius of this place, sitting under the bowers that shade the beauteous Severn, strings her harp to your praise!—Shades of those venerable men, of those benefactors of the human race, smile down from your spheres of bliss and glory, on your country and your town! May the one flourish forever under the influence of that Independence which you so efficaciously contributed to achieve; and may the other, while she is ever grateful for your services, mindful of your actions,

proud of your memories, be, as she has always been, distinguished for her patriotism, hospitality, and liberality. Yes, fair city of the Severn, mayest thou, in the language of Virgil—

“*Simul Heroum laudes, et facta parentis
Jam legere, et quæ sit poteris cognoscere
virtus.*”

And who were the warriors, who, at the call of their country, buckled on their armour, put themselves at the head of their fellow-citizens, and went forth to battle against the most warlike and potent nation in Europe?—Who were they who raised among our woods the standard of ancient Rome, and called back into life the eagles of liberty? Were they trained to the arts of warfare; disciplined, from their boyhood, in some military school; taught to wield the sword, and grasp the spear, and grapple with the foe? Were they veterans in the field of battle—acquainted with danger, and accustomed to heat and cold, to hunger and thirst? No—those brave men were not soldiers by profession—they had, most of them, pursued the quiet walks of life, happy in their paternal fields, loving to till the ground, and delighting in the retirement and simplicity of rural pursuits. The tranquillity of their vales had never been ruffled by the din of war; the noise of the drum, and the peal of the cannon, had never thundered over their sequestered retreats. Even he who headed the armies of freedom, quitted the ploughshare for the sword of battle! It was no lust of military fame, no hope of spoil and booty, that spurred them to the field—it was their country's wrongs that nerved their arms, her voice appealing to their patriotism, that roused them to action, and to deeds of noble daring. It was freedom that glowed in their bosoms, that beat in their veins, that throbbed in their hearts. It was, in the strain of Thompson—

“Devotion to the public—glorious flame!
Celestial ardor—”

Without arms, ammunition, or navy, they had to contend with veterans abounding with all the implements of war, acquainted with all its tactics, skilled in all its arts, and familiarized with all its perils—whose ships darkened the waters of every clime, and whose maritime power had wrenched from the world the trident of old ocean. But the mighty soul of the patriot, to use the forcible language of Judge Breckenridge,* “drank in the danger, and like the eagle on the mountain-top, collected magnanimity from the very prospect of the height from which he meant to soar.” And may I not add, from that height the bird of Jove hurled down his thunders on the king of beasts, and pounced upon his mighty prey.

I shall not attempt to enter into the details of the war; to enumerate the circumstances and progress of five campaigns—their pitched battles, skirmishes, and valorous achievements—I shall not describe the bravery and success with which every inch of ground was disputed—how heroes met foot to foot, point to point, sword to sword, breast to breast—how every tract of region was marked with the vestiges of war, and reddened with the blood of freemen; how, nobly fighting in their country's cause, many of the best and bravest fell upon the plain, in the arms of liberty and glory. Shall I mention the names of those heroes? They shall be emblazoned on the pillars of fame,—on columns more perennial than bronze—and shall be encircled with the same halo which adorns those of Epaminondas, Miltiades Pausanias, and the worthies of Greece and Rome. Posterity shall point to them as to models of patriotism, examples of devotedness to the public weal, as martyrs to their country's good. Their praises shall tremble on the poet's lyre, and their fame, “like the vestal

* Oration delivered July 5, 1779.

lamp," shall be lighted up, never more to be extinguished. Gallant and distinguished as Warren, prudent and intrepid as Macpherson, bold and resolute as Haslet and Mercer; devoted and persevering as Herkimer and Wooster, will be proverbial among the children of America. Thousands of others have earned unfading laurels, reaped a harvest of immortality, on the field of battle:

"Thousands the tribute of our praise
Demand; but who can count the stars
of heaven,
Who speak their influence on this lower
world!"

Notwithstanding the great talents of our countrymen, which the emergencies of the times called forth and excited; notwithstanding their devotedness, determination and patriotism, our cause would have been doubtful, had it not been supported by the power and virtue of foreign volunteers. Immortal thanks and gratitude are due to the illustrious but unfortunate monarch, the martyred Louis XVI., who, by his timely assistance, taught our fathers not to despair, and joined them in alliance on terms of perfect equality; furnished them with money and military stores, and efficaciously contributed to put a period to the revolutionary struggle.

And what shall I say of the far-famed individuals who quitted their country and their families, entered into our armies, and fought our battles, and won our victories! What eulogy can do justice to the gallant Lafayette, whose toils did not cease with the war, but whose endeavors to establish our interest, in commercial and political arrangements yield not to the splendor of his achievements during the contest. That aged companion of Washington, after an interval of nearly half a century, has continued the steady friend of our country and our institutions, he has revisited our shores—has had a favorable opportunity of judging of the effects of

our independence, and the blessings of liberty—and the welcome, the enthusiastic gratulations, the triumphal arches, the trophies of honor, the expressions of respect, the universal jubilee of the entire republic, have borne witness to the gratitude which we cherish for him, and the veneration in which his name is held.

In conjunction with Lafayette, the memories of other foreign heroes burst upon our view: shall time ever obscure the lustre that brightens the names of Rochambeau, and Chastellux; of D'Estaigne, De Grasse, or De Barras and Kosciusco—Kosciusco! who fought from the Hudson to the Potomac, from the Atlantic to the Lakes of Canada—Kosciusco! who, in the language of Von Neimcewiser, who delivered his eulogium at Warsaw, "patiently endured incredible fatigue, acquired immortal renown—and, what is infinitely more valuable in his estimation, ensured the gratitude of a liberated nation. The American flag waved over the forts of the United States, and the great work of liberation was finished, before he would consent to return to his native Poland"—and

"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusco died!"

It is a special privilege for me to have it in my power, this day, to strew my handful of flowers over the urns, and add my leaf of glory to the chaplets, of such god-like men. No matter from what quarter of the world they might have come, or in what clime they might have been cradled; no matter what language they might have spoken, or what religion they might have professed. But double is that privilege, and most consoling to my bosom the circumstance, when I reflect, that the nations which gave birth to those immortal benefactors of America, those pure and lofty lovers of liberty and republicanism, were Roman Catholic. France, at that era, saw upon her throne the worthy

descendant of Louis XIV., the religious successor of Charlemagne and Louis IX. Enthusiastic in his attachment to his creed, and yet the avowed patron of American independence—the powerful co-operator in setting *our* country free, and, at length, a martyr to the principles of his church, the conviction of his conscience—the victim—whom posterity shall ever be proud to venerate—to fanaticism and anarchy.

Poland, the birth-place of Kosciusko, from immemorial ages, the land of Catholicism, and the home of the spirit of freedom. Her name is synonymous with patriotism and magnanimity, and glory and misfortune. Impatient of slavery, she writhes under oppression: born for liberty, she is yoked to the car of despotism.—She has arisen in her indignation, and with a spirit that cannot brook the yoke, and a soul that bursts from its manacles, and a heart that breaks under tyranny, has attempted to be free! But her effort was crushed by the wrath of Russia: the hosts of serfs and Cossacks swarmed over her plains, like the locusts over Egypt. The Leviathan of the North, has devoured the hopes of Polish liberty.—The most gallant nation is in chains, she whose arm was ever extended to befriend the cause of freedom, has been seen to fall, without the prospect of resurrection, into the grave of oppression.

“ Her fathers were among the brave and free,

And good as free, and virtuous as brave :

Spirit of Sobieski, rise !—to thee

Poland appeals ! rise from thine honored grave !

And as the pennons of thy country wave
O'er her bright spears and lances, point again

To glory's pillar reared on Choczim's plain.

Sons of brave Poland ! turn your eyes to where

Your Sobieski paused to send to heaven

For his dear country and her sons this
prayer :
‘ To thee be liberty forever given ! ’ ”

The conduct of France and Poland, in our regard, ought to silence forever the voice of prejudice, which, even at the present day, proclaims the Roman Catholic religion hostile to the genius of republican institutions. And I rejoice that so auspicious an occasion presents itself in which, I may adduce, in refutation of such groundless assertions, the *actions* of Catholic countries and Catholic individuals. Among the signers of the American independence, Carroll was a Catholic—and not in theory, merely, but a rigid, practical, devoted member, of the Catholic church. In his old age, he looked back with the calmest complacency on the part which he took during the revolution, and as he sank into the grave, he was supported by the consolation of religion, and cheered to the end by the recollection of his youthful efforts to disenthral his country. One of the commissioners appointed by the first congress, to treat with the Canadians, was the Rev. John Carroll, a Roman Catholic priest, and afterwards first Archbishop of Baltimore. He did not deem it incompatible with his character, repugnant to his religious principles, to unite with Chase, Franklin, and Charles Carroll, in the cause of liberty—not, indeed, to rouse the Canadians to rebellion, but to persuade them to remain neutral during the contest and the struggle. I mention these facts, not in the spirit of sectarian triumph, but as a refutation of the assertion which is so frequently made, and by some may, perhaps, be believed, that the nature of our religion precludes the love of liberty—that our dependence on a foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, subjects us to foreign domination.

Was it not stated—I regret to be obliged to speak of myself individual-

ly, but the subject and the occasion will be my apology—was it not circulated through the press, as an argument against my election to the chaplaincy of the senate, that I am a subject of the Pope ; that I had made an oath of allegiance to him as a temporal lord, and that certain honors had been conferred on me—which excluded me from the birthrights of my country. Shall I contradict all these assertions. Is it necessary before such an assembly, for me to declare, that I know of no temporal connexion existing between myself and the Pope, I acknowledge no allegiance to his temporal power—I am no subject of his dominions—I have sworn no fealty to his throne—but I am, as all American Catholics glory to be, independent of all foreign temporal authority—devoted to freedom, to unqualified toleration, to republican institutions. America is our country ; her laws are our safeguard ; her constitution our Magna Charta ; her tribunals our appeal ; her chief magistrate our national head—to all which we are subject and obedient, in accordance with the injunction of our religion, which commands us to give honor where honor is due—to be subject to the powers that are—and to give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Yes, my country, while one spark of freedom's fire still lingers in the world, we shall be found ready, eager, anxious to kindle into a blaze the lurking scintillation. We shall be the ardent friends of liberty properly understood—liberty such as flourishes in our happy realms—liberty the best boon of heaven, when not abused—liberty founded upon virtue and religion :

“Unblest by virtue, government and league
 Become a circling junto of the great
 To rob the law—
 What are without it, senates, save a face
 Of consultation deep and reason free,
 VOL. II. NO. IV.

While the determined heart and voice
 are sold.

What boasted freedom but a sounding
 name ?

And what election, but a market vile
 Of slaves self-bartered.”

And is it not to secure such liberty for his country that O'Connell is now struggling ? And if there is a people on earth, that deserves to be free, is it not the ardent, generous, persevering people of Ireland. How long has that island not been lashed by the scourge of tyranny, even as the tempest lashes her craggy shores. The lament of her harp, the thrilling, mournful anthem of her bards, resound through her verdant vales, and are wafted by the winds, across the ocean-waves. In the midst of her waters, she sits solitary all the day long, looking forward, with fearful emotion, for a better fate. One powerful stroke has been given, by the Liberator's hand, to sever her fetters in twain ; but the decisive one is still withheld, that will rescue her from her fatal union with the unrelenting Isle, and leave her an independent nation, with her own laws, constitution, parliament, and religion. It is a remarkable fact, which should not be forgotten, amid the prejudices of the present age, that there never existed a people more staunchly, immovably, fearlessly devoted to the Catholic religion, or more aspiring after their rights, more yearning after their own liberty, and more ready to assist in the cause of general freedom. Oh ! may their most sanguine wishes be accomplished ; their unyielding exertions be rewarded ; their untiring perseverance be crowned with success : and may posterity, when pointing their children's attention to the great and the good in the temple of Fame, be able to say : behold in that niche, which is nearest to the bust of Washington, the statue of O'Connell, who not only abolished the penal laws but made of Ireland a separate king-

dom, and gave her that lofty station which she so fully deserves to hold among the nations of the earth.

As for us, my fellow-citizens, when we look around, and behold the elevation to which we have attained as a free government; our country teeming with a numerous, thriving, and enterprising population; emigration from all parts of the world pouring in on our shores, and sweeping its tide to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; civilization penetrating into the deepest recesses of our forests; education spreading abroad its refining influence; religion diffusing her heaven-born blessings, giving glory to God, and peace to men; manufactures flourishing; industry felling the trees in the wilderness, and making the plains to teem with abundance; commerce crowding the deep with our ships and produce, uniting these shores with those beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans; internal improvements facilitating our correspondence and communication—canals wafting their waters through the roughest regions, and railroads smoothing down the mountains, and stretching from the Chesapeake bay to the far Ohio—when we contemplate all these signal blessings, these ennobling privileges—when we see our flag floating in the winds of every clime, streaming down upon every sea—acknowledged, respected, fear-

ed—toleration of all religious denominations—full and unqualified liberty of conscience—the admitted right to worship at our altars, according to our convictions, without being shackled by any penal law, degraded by any civil disqualification, as was the case before the revolution—what should be our gratitude to the “Giver of every good gift;” how should our hearts expand in praise and thanksgiving for his especial favors and benedictions, and how cautious should we all be, by our good works and religious dispositions, to deserve a continuance of his mercy and providential care. As long as we correspond with the beneficent designs of heaven—as long as we view the interposition of our Omnipotent Father, in our liberation from our primitive condition, his arm will be extended over us. America shall be free—shall be independent! The prediction of the poet shall be perfectly realized:

“Fly time, oh, lash thy fiery steeds away,
Roll, rapid wheels, and bring the smiling day,
When these blest states, another promised land,
Chosen out and fostered, by the Almighty hand,
Supreme shall rise—their crowded shores shall be
The fixed abodes of Empire and of Liberty!”

I have spoken.

HISTORICAL DESTINY OF WOMEN.

[Under this head, a short but not uninteresting, Lecture was delivered before the Frederick Literary Association, by ENOCH LOUIS LOWE. Without entering into a particular critique or analysis of his

subject, we will merely express the pleasure we always experience when we see the blending of a pure and unaffected religious spirit—such as Catholicism inspires—with topics in themselves of a

character profane. We mean *profane*, in contradistinction merely with a professedly religious subject; for, certainly, there is much that is sacred, nay, most divine, contained in the destiny of woman, whether we regard her as fulfilling the high functions of society as mother, wife, or sister; or whether we contemplate her made perfect in the person of that "blessed amongst women," who was destined to crush the serpent's head, and give birth—a virgin mother—to the long-desired Redeemer of our fallen race. As a specimen of our author's style and matter, we subjoin the concluding pages of his lecture:]

"One of the most beautiful traits that characterized the chivalric age, was a profound reverence for Woman—whence sprung results of infinite importance to the well-being of society. To such as are familiar with the histories of those good old times, it will not appear strange when I assert that, despite the martial spirit, which then ruled supremely the hearts of men, and tinged all the relations of life, a refinement of feeling, and a greatness of soul pervaded the nations of Europe, which may be more easily scoffed at now-a-days, than imitated! The annals of the xiii. xiv. xv. and xvi. centuries are replete with instances of loftiest honor and magnanimity. Much is to be attributed to the influence of Woman. She was, next to Religion, the perennial fount of poetic inspiration, and of heroic enthusiasm. Beneath her lattice, the gentle greetings of the Troubadour were heard, by moonlight—and, as the plaintive melody of his harp floated on the midnight air, she caught from the sad story of his wanderings the words most dear to lady's heart—for, in the stirring bustle of the camp, or in the heat of mortal conflict, the *gage d'amour*, more potent than oriental talisman, had been preserved unsullied by the dust of craven flight. The steel-clad conqueror of paynim foes laid his proud trophies at her feet—and, as she smiled approval of his val-

or and devotion, arose, with kindling eye, to enter the lists, and break a lance with rival lovers in the mock combat of the tournament. Kings and mighty Emperors bowed to the dominion of her beauty and her virtue; and cavaliers of high courtesy attended her steps, with keen wit to honor, and keener swords to defend.

Upon the united thrones of Castile and Arragon sits the Pride of Europe. Pure as the lily, and beautiful as the roseate hues of morn, Isabella rules the destinies and reigns in the hearts of the high-minded sons of Iberia!—Around her are gathered the loveliest of the dark-eyed maidens of the South, and many a gallant youth, of ambitious hopes, and dauntless bravery. Here are the stern signiors, very models of Spanish chivalry! and there, the stalwart knights of old England, allured by bright smiles, and the syren voice of fame, to tempt the Moorish scimitar. Upon the hill-top and in the valley, burn the huge watch-fires;—for, the 'larum of war hath been rung from every tower, and the enthusiastic multitude roll on their deepening tide towards the rich plains of the Vega! To-day, the Christian Queen fulfils the beatitudes of the New Law—she clothes the naked; gives drink to the thirsty; whispers solace to the disconsolate; and bids "God-rest" the departing spirit. To-morrow, glowing with zeal and lofty patriotism, she smites the Moslem in the strong-hold of his power, and plants the ensign of Salvation upon the ramparts of the Alhambra! The munificent patroness of the discoverer of a new world; the intrepid heroine; the sage ruler of her people in the hour of trial; the philanthropist, and benefactress of mankind; the devoted friend; the mild and loving wife—Isabella presents to our view a fair model of a Christian woman; and proves more urgently than cold argument could do, the moral of my subject; to wit, that to Religion, Woman is indebted for her ex-

altation. Under its benign influence she has attained, and will retain, her position—without it, she would, of very necessity, be hurled back into the abyss of heathen debasement, and rank with the degraded inmate of the Turkish harem, or the abject creature who wanders over the prairies of the West, and obeys, in servile humility, the harsh behests of her savage lord.

As the reign of Augustus may be considered the epoch of reaction in the destiny of Woman, so the age of chivalry is marked as being the acme of her influence in the social state.—Henceforth we find her gliding gently into the quiet and lovely retirement of domestic life, honored and revered by man. She may no longer preside at the tourney, and crown the victor; but her cheerful smile sheds happiness around the evening hearth; and her generous hand is ever open to distress.

If the fierce cry of battle sounds in her ear, and her country is invaded by the mercenaries of a foreign despot, she is ready, like the noble matrons of our revolution, to make every sacrifice, share every hardship, incur every danger in the holy cause of liberty. With holier devotion than that of the Spartan mother, she makes an offering of her only son at the shrine of Freedom; girds on the avenging sword, and bids him return a conqueror, or find a hero's grave. The bloody field of action loses its terrors. With tender charity and firm resolve, she stoops over the fallen soldier, binds up his bleeding wounds, bathes his throbbing temple, and cools his parched lip with water from the passing stream.

And when "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," and the battle shock hath passed away; and, again, peace smiles serenely, you trace her steps in the path of arduous duty.

She leaves the scenes of her early life—she hath trampled upon the world and its vain allurements—the breath

of adulation and the smile of lovers passed her by, as the idle wind, which she heeded not: for she hath resolved, in the depths of her heart, to abandon the pleasures of life, and to waste her beauty and her youthful energies in the severest avocations of charity. The gray-haired father had blest his daughter, and the weeping mother hath clasped her, for the last time, it may be, to her throbbing bosom, and pressed upon her lips the parting kiss. Turning her meek and glowing face to heaven, she consummates the self-sacrifice; and tearing herself forever from the home of her childhood, embarks upon a sea of troubles, of trials, and of manifold suffering.

And now, the timid orphan meets her on the way, with tearful eye and joyous heart; for, sore is its bereavement, and welcome is the new protector! and, finding that its young affections are returned, and that now it hath a resting-place, lisps, once more, under sweet delusion, the name of Mother! With maternal solicitude, it is instructed in virtue and all usefulness; and thus prepared for the various departments of social life.

But, see her softly moving through the *hospital*, where disease and human wretchedness mock the vain boasts of poor mortality! There, on his lowly couch, lies the sad victim of insanity—his eye with fierceness rolls, and his muttering lips would fain utter the wild fantasies of his disordered brain—a mild look, a gentle word, a kindness from the heart—and the maniac is subdued by the power of the Christian woman!

See that withered semblance of a human being! phantom-like, it looks forth, with ghastly stare, from the bed of sickness! Night hath succeeded day, and day night; still, ever faithful to her post, the devoted nurse is there, to catch the last wish of the expiring sufferer. And now, she hath inhaled the subtle poison—it courses her veins with electrical speed—the

rose fades from her cheek ; the brightness of her eye is dimmed by the gathering film of death ; and lo ! in the midst of her labors, she is called away, a *Martyr to Charity* ! Oh ! what tongue can utter the eulogium of such devotion ! Woman—woman—great is thy destiny ! truly hast thou been

ennobled by the divine power of Religion ! And, when contemplating the immeasurable good achieved for humanity by thy efforts, we are forced to exclaim, with Chateaubriand, "Such deeds are beyond the praises of men ; we meet them with the silent tear of admiration."

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,
(Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

FOR MANY MARTYRS.*

Sanctorum meritis inelyta gaudia, etc.

I.

Come, brethren, chant the martyrs' joys and fame,
Which by their merits they have nobly won :
With ardent minds their glorious deeds proclaim—
Heroic conquerors, excelled by none.

II.

For these are they whom the vain world abhorred,
Which void of fruit and flowers they dared despise,
To follow thee, their Saviour and their Lord,
O gracious Jesus, Sovereign of the skies.

III.

These, for thy sake, beneath their feet could tread
The fury, threats, and cruelty of men :
To their undaunted courage yields the dread
But harmless rack, which tortures them in vain.

IV.

Like sheep they fall beneath the bloody steel,
Without a murmur, silent in their pains ;
The conscious sense of innocence they feel
Their resignation patiently sustains.

V.

What tongue, what language can the bliss portray,
Which for thy martyrs thou hast stored above !
The blood they shed for thee is washed away,
And splendid wreaths around their brows are wove.

* At Vespers—out of the Paschal time.

VI.

Thee, mighty God, supremely Great and One,
 Forgive our sins, efface our guilt, we pray :
 Oh ! give us peace, that all, when life is done,
 May sing thy glory in Eternal day.

HYMN FOR A CONFESSOR.*

Iste Confessor, etc.

I.

This blest confessor of the Lord,
 Whose praises through the world extend,
 Deserved, upon this hallowed day,
 Heaven's blissful regions to ascend.

II.

Who, pious, prudent, humble, chaste,
 A sober life and sinless led,
 Until the spirit, which once warmed
 His mortal body, upwards fled.

III.

Oft, through his prayers, with merit fraught,
 Did he with health and strength repair
 The sick and shattered limbs of men,
 That once diseased and broken were.

IV.

Wherefore, we swell his chorus now,
 To celebrate his palms and praise,
 That, by his intercession, we
 May be assisted all our days.

V.

To him be honor, glory, power,
 Who shines on Heaven's eternal throne,
 Who rules and governs from on high
 This world—the mighty THREE and ONE.

FOR A CONFESSOR, NON-PONTIFF.†

Jesu corona celsior, etc.

I.

Jesus, the loftiest crown,
 And Truth most high,
 Who to thy servant that confessed thee here,
 Givest a wreath of immortality,

* At Vespers.

† At Lauds.

II.

Grant to thy suppliant throng,
Through his request,
The full remission of our countless sins,
And burst the chains by which we are opprest.

III.

In the due course of time,
The day hath shone,
On which thy saint, departing from this earth,
Winged his blest flight up to the starry throne.

IV.

All the vain joys of earth,
And luxuries,
He deemed too sordid for his lofty soul,
And now he feasts exulting in the skies.

V.

Thee, Christ, most gracious king,
He dared to own,
And the inexorable Prince of Night,
With all his artful wiles, he trampled down.

VI.

For virtue famed and faith,
He firmly stood ;
While in the flesh he fasted—but in Heaven
He banquets now upon celestial food.

VII.

To Father and to Son,
All glory be,
And to the Holy Paraclete the same,
Now and forever—to Eternity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THOUGHTS ON THE CHURCH.

BY A CONVERT.

Not until men shall discover the absolute necessity of reforming themselves, in accordance with the dictates of gospel authority, instead of reforming that which the wisdom of spiritual authority has already perfected, and that long before unborn generations could behold the light; they would then better understand the justice as

founded in superior wisdom, to be the emanation of a superior agent, and not the fruit of short-sighted mortals. We sincerely hope the time is not far distant, when the mists of error will be dispelled from the land, and the acts of divine wisdom be recognized; and that the knowledge of his presence in his church, whereof he is the

pillar and ground of truth, will be made manifest. For there is no other authority on earth besides the church, to which we are referred, as the infallible means of the souls security. It is the rock which has caused many to stumble. The attempt at legislating on, or remodelling the sacred institutions of Christianity whose origin is beyond the reach of human wisdom or control, must necessarily affect, as it has always affected, the safety and peace of mankind, whenever and wherever such attempts were carried into execution. Pretences for infringing on the established order of church government, may be justified upon grounds of human expediency, but they cannot be supported by scriptural authority; for, wherever the wisdom of the creature is set in opposition to the wisdom of the Creator, there will be eternal contention, strife, and hatred, which in the usual way of human tergiversation, and doubt through weakness, gives birth to sectarianism, socinianism, or infidelity. It is quite notorious that sectarian pre-eminence can hardly be maintained in state government, without disturbing the peace of the rest; for, in such a state of things, the claim of equal rights is arbitrarily merged in the interest of the dominant party. Since, then, unjust means must be resorted to, to uphold tottering systems of human device, it cannot be but that such frail systems must at last give way to the force of superior wisdom.

If all Christians would be satisfied with believing that the church of Christ whose name she bears—as himself has declared to be “all days with his church, &c.,—we must feel bound as a matter of faith to hold that she is infallible. For if we refuse to recognise her in that character, then all spiritual authority is a mere chimera. It is, indeed, not in the character of mortals, that we recognise any distinct mark of divine authority; there-

fore we must content ourselves with believing on the authority of Christ that the councils of the church are virtually guided and directed by the agency of his spirit, which he breathed on its ministering members collectively, to one of whom he committed the especial charge of pastoral government. If these things be not taken as unquestionable evidence of divine authority, then it is evident that the voice of the shepherd is no longer understood among us. However, believing Christ to be really present, corporeally as well as spiritually, with his church, it is no small consolation to know that the power of binding and loosing penitent sinners, is vested in that church. In the word of Christ, we have an irrevocable pledge, and he cannot deceive the soul that is willing to come to him. What man is there, then, that would not cheerfully embrace the gracious boon of a merciful Redeemer, rather than go out of this world in a doubtful state? Objections are perpetually started against the Lord's wholesome counsel; for the difficulty of humbling human pride is not easily overcome. It is the great mystery on which are hinged both fear and hope; and, above all, our great repugnance to mortify the pride of Satan, whose sway directs the counsels of the votaries of ambitious strivings for his own glory, in opposition to the wisdom of God, requires the application of powerful caustics to our own hearts, against which it is needless to shut our eyes.

Can it be supposed that any body, or society of congregated Christians, can assume, upon any plea whatsoever, a new title declaratory of an independent church, in direct violation of the covenant of God's law, which holds the “unity of the spirit in the bond of peace” to be primary in all things, and without which, that society which departs from this principle, is without a basis? There is but “one

body and one spirit. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all. That for the edifying of the body of Christ, we all meet in the unity of faith. That henceforth, we be no more children driven to and fro, and tossed about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive. But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in him who is the head, even Christ.

This is a true picture, faithfully describing the body of Christ's church. Can it then, be believed, that the receding from the church is founded in wisdom or prudence? Does Scripture allow any plea in justification of any breach or schism in the church? Does a conduct, so obviously contrary to doctrine, not betray a singularity of design, and a presumption of a claim to superior virtue and piety? If, on the contrary, they had before their eyes the charity of the gospel, (which thinks no evil) endeavoring to reclaim the wayward from their evil ways, by kindness founded in brotherly love, instead of levelling the poisoned shafts of slander and foul detraction against the church, as if that church gave countenance to vice, they would do that which is right, and thus give the glory to God, and not hatch the eggs of discord which ambition nourishes in the breasts of all factious spirits in this world. It may, moreover, be asked, how it comes that the prince of discord who exercises unbounded sway in the counsels of those that have abstracted themselves from the body of the church, durst not come near the holy mountain, lest its flames consume him. But then this monarch of hell has a more direct way of troubling the peace of mankind, by bringing the political machinery strengthened by the arm of flesh, into play. This is what the sages of heroic wisdom have invaria-

bly sought to wield exclusively in their own hands, as the more effectual arguments in favor of exclusive rights to trample upon the equal rights of their fellow-creatures who draw their breath from the same source with their oppressors, but who would on no account whatsoever, suffer their conscience to be chained to the wheels of the gods of this world.

The chief cause attending the ill-success of proselytising from Catholicity to Protestantism, only proves the fallacious attempt to do by forced policy what the conscientious Christian must necessarily resist and condemn. Religion is to a Catholic the staff of life, on which his soul reposes to his last breath. He cannot barter away what he has vowed to his God, for any worldly consideration whatsoever. There is nothing more cruel and outrageous to his feelings than that of subjecting him, on account of his religious fidelity to the church, to the torment of political thralldom as a means to coerce him to a change which his soul must decidedly reject. That soul which, in deepest humility, approaches the altar whereof none but such as are within the pale of the sanctuary can partake. Yet, for that which to him is the bread of life, he is accused by the enemies of that church, of idolatry. But God, the God of justice and mercy, who knows the hearts of all, is his witness that this horrible accusation, as well as all other falsely alleged errors against the church, is as false as hell. Our inward man who is God's own, no human power can control; for we are not our own, either in or out of the flesh. How then can any earthly power presume to control what is immortal? Therefore, he whose understanding is swayed by temporal considerations in opposition to the fundamental precepts of religion, ought first to inquire at the tabernacle of Christ, whether what he is doing is acceptable to God, or not. A con-

firmed Christian staunchly believes his being a partaker of both the body and spirit in *Christ*, who, at the great day of universal change, will surely raise up *his own*. On the foundation of this vital principle of our faith, our hope is firmly settled. It can be not equally so with those who aim at nothing short of the gratification of self-indulgence, out of doors, where heathen morality denies the necessity of gospel virtue, and where gospel precept (apart from the obligations of that moral virtue which gilds the pride of its advocates) is treated with contumely and derision. And as humility is an abomination to the proud, so also the rich man abhors the poor. For speaking proud words of vanity, they allure by the desires of fleshly riotousness, those who for a little while escape such as converse in error: promising them liberty, whereas they themselves are the slaves of corruption.

What is man, or the life of a man, that he should suffer his soul to be warped by the fugitive clouds of hope and distraction in this short life, and then melt away like the mists before the winds and be lost in the ocean of eternity! But the word of God is *life eternal*, enduring for ever. Therefore, if the word which was made flesh, dwell in us, then are we sons of the living God in Christ Jesus.

The *only* true comfort we have in this world, is the cheering hope which revealed religion holds forth as the means of grace for the edification of our souls. As religion is "unity by love in Christ," so is peace the fruit of that unity. As the Father loveth us, so must we love one another: for we are one flesh with the Son, if it so be that the Father is in us. Whosoever is disregarding of his neighbor's peace, or beholds his woes with unconcern, hates his own flesh (for we are all parts of one another), and God is provoked. Selfish policy, which strives to exalt itself on the ruins of

our fellow-creatures, is derogatory to the dignity of a Christian. It cancels the bond of unity, by brotherly love. If there were no covenant-breaker whose hypocritical wailings draw the weak and unstable into their nets of perfumed heresy, the more social feelings and generous notion of Christian charity would then prevail over sophistry. Not the professors of this or that religion, but the doers thereof will be justified before God: for they that have the word, are one, as the apostles were one, with whom there was no schism, however distanced they were from each other, by their separate missions, in the wide world, to the end of their lives. As no worldly ambition was mixed up with their one and the same vocation, so neither could there be any schism in the church. They were in the world: but they were not of the world. Nor had mammon any share in their counsels. If all were as the apostle who profess the ministry of the church, by renouncing worldly attachments and interest, and thus devote their lives to the glory of God, the reign of the author of discord would then be at an end, and peace and concord would be the means of unfolding to our benighted minds, the thing called wisdom—the wisdom which the grace of the Spirit giveth to the servants of God.

Many are called, but few chosen. The Catholic Church holds that all mankind, as being children of the same Father, are called to partake of the fruit of grace through the merits of the Son. For this reason, she opens her bosom to all that will enter the one fold: nor are the gates of her temple ever shut against the weary pilgrim, the penitent sinner, or the afflicted; to all of whom she extends the hand of benevolence and consolation. She invokes all the Saints to accompany her in her prayer to the throne of mercy, and make intercession on behalf of the souls of both the living and the dead; and particularly

for those stray sheep whom the wolves in sheep-skin seek to draw from the river-side, as if on purpose to lessen the authority of Scripture, which one half of them do not believe; and not only so, but also to make the world believe that the Bible alone is sufficient to unfold to the unlearned, as well as to the learned, the entire word of God, according as the judgment of every one's own reason may dictate, or may choose to believe. This downward way of every one legislating for himself, has given birth to the numerous, strange and mongrel sects which render the religion of Christ contemptible in the eyes of Pagan nations and barbarians; and in like manner it has caused so much dissension amongst Christians, that it has been the means of greatly detracting from the sanctity of Religion, and nearly reducing it to the cold formality of a mere human institution in many places, amongst Christians themselves. Has, then, the hand of wisdom and mercy been

stretched forth in vain for the illumination of mankind, in order to raise them above the narrow sphere of the creature? Has not grace and mercy been sent down from above, to show us the glory of Heaven, which the Father hath promised to the children of his adoption? What man is there that does not naturally feel and is convinced in his intellectual mind, and above all, by the manifestation of the glorious morning-star whose bright shining light has quickly dissipated all manner of doubt, that the Creator has not made man for the mere negative existence of a dry branch, which must be cut down and burnt? This is a question which addresses itself to the heart, and keeps the mind alive to the important truth which Heaven has been pleased to communicate to the world. The light to which we are called, is not hid under a bushel, but is set upon the top of a high mountain, which cannot be mistaken or concealed.

UTILITY OF PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

What is God? what is man? what is nature? These three questions comprize in themselves alone the universality of human sciences, which have, at all times, occupied the attention of the world. Since nearly two thousand years, the solution of the first has been received from on high; an abyss the depths of which the eyes of a philosopher could not behold without becoming dizzy. The second and the third present themselves under two different views—the moral and intellectual man, and the animal man; nature in its origin, its destination, its whole, and nature considered in its parts under a material and sensible

point of view. Metaphysics have developed the first; and as often as they have had the good sense to enlighten it with the rays that emanate from the knowledge of God, they have pronounced on the other two questions decisions which time has confirmed.

A science hitherto little cultivated, and apparently of little utility for the moral perfection of man, Physics, jealous of its discoveries, instead of coming modestly to the aid of its fore-runner, attempts to confound it; and this is the reason why, after numberless labors, it has completely deceived the attention of those who regarded its works. By a thousand ways it is

calculated to guide the mind towards the sovereign Being ; and in its wise and conscientious hand, each atom of matter becomes a herald which proclaims the august attributes of the Creator and Preserver of the Universe. Thus, of itself, and in spite of the evil attempts of the impious, natural science is the sister, the auxiliary of true philosophy, and of all sciences the most proper to direct the mind and heart of man towards Him who has created him.

The scientific observation of nature affords us two advantages : it preserves us from the stupid indifference with which we too often contemplate the wonders that surround us, and fortifies us against pride, by causing us to compare our weakness and nothingness with the infinite wisdom of the Supreme Disposer of things.

No one, in effect, is better prepared for humility, than the Christian astronomer, who pursues science through the boundless fields of the empyreum. Those vast celestial globes, accomplishing their constant revolutions without variation—those innumerable stars sprinkled over the firmament, like grains of sand upon the sea-shore ; all those brilliant suns, the smallest of which receives, like our own, the homage of a host of planets—that immeasurable space, which the light, that to us appears instantaneous, requires years to travel through—are they not so many inconceivable prodigies ? Does not the thought of their Author present itself to the attentive observer with a pomp and majesty that command admiration and love ?

If, from these inaccessible heights, of which we can conceive no idea, we descend back upon our little planet, the observatory on which the Divine will has placed us to contemplate and love Him in his works, the scene, though contracted, will not present us less astonishing mysteries. The stem of the herb, a grain of sand, arrest

and confound our attention. The most ordinary phenomenon, which occurs every day, the growth of plants, is, at the same time, one of the most incomprehensible, and one which publishes most loudly the goodness of the Creator. Who will not perceive the fecundity of his word in that admirable succession of life and death, in which vegetation, hiding and disclosing, in turn, its riches, conducts by internal canals the nourishing juices, which escape, now in verdant foliage, then in flowers, brilliant and varied, and finally in succulent fruits. Who can explain how, rendered fruitful by death, the soil recovers new strength to produce and lavish on us its treasures ? Whence is derived, among the divers families of vegetables, that astonishing resemblance of form, color, and savor ?—a resemblance, however, which admits of so great a variety. Where do they find the model, the pallet, the pencil, the alembic, necessary for their wants ? How does it happen that, of a thousand different grains, each one develops itself on a narrow space of ground, with all the particularities of its species ?

We might pause a moment at the marvels of the microscopic world. One single drop of water is sufficient to captivate our attention for entire hours. There the mind sinks under the weight of incalculable divisibility. There are not a few animalcules, hidden in a drop of water, but myriads that swim and roll about in it precisely as in a sea ; and these animalcules have articulations, nerves, veins, and these veins have blood : here is a world existing in a drop of water !

But, without going out of ourselves, will we not be surrounded with mysteries ? In considering attentively the organization of each of our members, the structure, the functions, the object of our organs, with what sentiments should we not be penetrated towards him, whose wisdom and goodness have prepared all things in us

and about us, for our use and convenience? Our eye alone would furnish an exhaustless subject of meditation. Who is, then, the divine painter, who has known how to unite in so small a picture, so many and such vast objects? The shining vault of the heavens, the magnificence of the earth meet there with astonishment, and without confusion, with their resemblance and details. With what incredible littleness, must the parts of this great whole be designed, which is spread upon the pupil of the eye! and notwithstanding this imperceptibility, there are no omissions, no darkness, even when these millions of objects move and increase. The picture, always faithful, reproduces, in an instant, with incredible fidelity the most rapid changes.

Thus, in the course of physical studies, man sometimes appears to us as an imperceptible atom in the midst of colossal masses, sometimes as a mighty giant who tramples down, at every step, millions of living beings. What grandeur!—what misery!—What is man, suspended thus, between two infinities! And yet who is he who has known how to resolve so many and such incredible problems? Here religion is heard: O man! be humble. It is little to respect God and admire him; you must give him your heart; and do not forget to pay him the tribute of your gratitude and love. It was under the influence of these sentiments, that St. Augustine, in contemplating the wonders scattered over the universe, exclaimed: *God is great in the greatest things, in such a manner, as not to be less in the less-*

*er.** And these are the sentiments which the study of natural sciences tends to awaken and nourish in our hearts.

How profound was the humility of those great men who have studied nature. A Galileo, a Euler, and above all a Newton—who never pronounced the name of God except by accompanying it with the two epithets adopted by the ancient Romans: *THE BEST and GREATEST.*† Who does not know how Newton was transported with admiration and love, in the midst of his sublime meditations?—Often was he heard, prostrated before the Creator, giving vent in eloquent prayers, to the sentiments with which his heart was penetrated.

Let every student of physical science imitate this noble model.—Let us remember that science should *confirm* faith, and *proclaim* religion. The false wisdom of the eighteenth century, armed with some superficial scientific notions, pretended to destroy the edifice of religion. In order to *crush* the founder of the church, they presumed to wield the arms of cosmogony, geology, and natural history. But, when these sciences unfolded to the world their most secret archives, their calumny fell upon its authors. Let our students follow the example of those of Calcutta and of the Annals of Christian Philosophy: let them seek in their investigations nothing but what is truly great and solid—the glory of God, and their own moral perfection.

* Deus ita magnus est in maximis, ut non sit minor in minimis.

† OPTIMUS, MAXIMUS.

We cannot but call the especial attention of our subscribers to the original music, with which our periodical is ornamented, by the two distinguished brothers, C. M. & W. A. King. The reputation of the latter gentleman, as a pianist, and practical musician, has gone over the whole country: and the former knows no superior in the science of harmony and composition. The hymn in our last number, has been pronounced by competent judges, to be a chef d'oeuvre, in point of noble simplicity, and scientific adaptation to the words. In the present, there is another, by C. M. King, for three voices, which will be found in no way inferior to the others, which he has already given to the public, through the pages of the Expositor. We take this opportunity of again returning our thanks to these gentlemen for the interest they evince in the success of our work, the object of which, is no other, than to spread abroad, through a becoming medium, the principles of Catholicity, and beautiful literature. EDITORS.

SACRED LYRICS.

NO. IV. HYMN FOR VIRGINS.

WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

CHARLES M. KING.

For three Trebles, or two Trebles and Tenor.

Je - sus the vir-gin's crown, Whose *Mother*, whose *Moth-er*, whose
MODERATO.

Je - sus the vir-gin's crown, Whose *Mother*, *Moth-er*,

Je - sus the vir-gin's crown, Whose *Mother*, *Moth-er*,

Moth-er, without stain, A Vir-gin, a Vir-gin, a Vir-gin did re-

Moth-er, without stain, A Vir-gin, a Vir-gin, a Vir-gin did re-

Moth-er, without stain, A Vir-gin, a Vir-gin, a Vir-gin did re-

main, A Vir-gin, a Vir-gin did re-main,

main, A Vir-gin, a Vir-gin did re-main,

main, A Vir-gin, a Vir-gin did re-main, Upon our

Sacred Lyrics.

Pro - pi-tiously look down, - - - Pro-

Pro - pi-tiously look down, - - - Up-on our vows - - -

vows - - - Pro-

pi-tiously look down - - - Up-on our vows - - -

s Pro - pi - tious-

pi-tiously look down. - - - Pro - pi - tious-

PP. **ral. P.**

- - - look down, Pro - pi - tious-ly look down.

PP. **ral. P.**

ly look down, Pro - pi - tious-ly look down.

PP. **ral. P.**

ly look down, Pro - pi - tious-ly look down.

2.
Whose path 'mongst lilies lies,
With Virgins girt around;
By thee, their spouse, they're crowned,
Wreathed, as thy spouses, in the glorious skies.

3.
Still do they follow thee,
Whitherso'er thy way;
Singing their virgin lay,
Filling the heavens with sweetest melody.

4.
Thee suppliantly we implore
That thou would'st deign to impart
One boon to every heart,
That we corruption's bonds may know no more.

5.
Praise, honour, glory, power,
To God the Father be,
And to the Son, and thee,
Most holy Paraclete, for ever more.

L I N E S .

BY NICHOLAS J. KEEFE.

I.

I feel like one whose hopes have fled,
Who treads the earth forsaken ;
Whose joys lie buried with the dead,
From which they'll ne'er awaken.
The scenes, which once seem'd all so bright,
Have like a vision faded ;
My early dreams have sunk in night,
And darkly are they shaded.

II.

I think of days now past and gone,
When pleasure seem'd abiding ;
When smiling hope allured me on,
And bade me trust her guiding.
I think of joys which I have known,
When earth reflected gladness ;
I love to trace them one by one—
They soothe my spirit's sadness.

III.

The memory of those joys is dear,
And comes like sunshine, cheering,
That gilds the ocean's bosom drear,
Amid the storm's careering.
Those joys are gone, and with them too,
Are gone those friends unbending,
Whose steady hearts were warm and true,
Whose love was unpretending.

IV.

Whose warm affection brighter shone,
When adverse gales impended ;
Unlike the hollow friends I've known,
Whose love in falsehood ended.
Who, when my path was clear and bright,
With ready smiles would meet me ;
But when appear'd misfortune's night,
How coldly did they greet me.

V.

How deeply does it sear the heart,
To find our trusting's slighted ;
To feel the poison of the dart,
Which comes from feelings blighted.
And doubly bitter is the cup,
In which our hopes have perish'd ;
When to our lips 'tis handed up,
By those our bosoms cherish'd.

VI.

Oh ! then, it is the anguish'd heart,
Sees nothing bright before it,
But only knows and feels the smart,
Which festers keenly o'er it.
But, we must school that heart to trust,
Where changeless truth is given ;
To lift its longings 'bove the dust,
And place them firm on Heaven.



Engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Lock & Smith.

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